

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## POETRY AND POLITICS.

THE separation of literary criticism from politics appears to have been a gain both to politics and to literature. If Mr. Swinburne, for example, speaks unkindly about kings and priests in one volume, that offence is not remembered against him, even by the most Conservative critic, when he gives us a book like *'Atalanta,'* or *'Erechtheus.'* If Victor Hugo applauds the Commune, the Conservative M. Paul de Saint Victor freely forgives him. In the earlier part of the century, on the other hand, poems which had no tinge of politics were furiously assailed, for party reasons, by Tory critics, if the author was a Whig, or had friends in the ranks of Whiggery.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the Whiggish critics were not less one-sided, but their exploits (except a few of Jeffrey's) are forgotten. Either there were no Conservative poets to be attacked, or the Whig attack was so weak, and so unlike the fine fury of the Tory reviewers, that it has lapsed into oblivion. Assuredly no Tory Keats died of an article, no Tory Shelley revenged him in a Conservative *'Adonais,'* and, if Lord Byron struck back at his Scotch reviewers, Lord Byron was no Tory.

In the happy Truce of the Muses, which now enables us to judge a poet

on his literary merits, Mr. Courthope has raised a war-cry which will not, I hope, be widely echoed. He has called his reprinted essays *'The Liberal Movement in English Literature,'*<sup>2</sup> and has thus brought back the howls of partisans into a region where they had been long silent. One cannot but regret this intrusion of the factions which have "no language but a Cry" into the tranquil regions of verse. Mr. Courthope knows that the title of his essays will be objected to, and he tries to defend it. Cardinal Newman, he says, employs the term "Liberalism" to denote a movement in the region of thought. Would it not be as true to say that Cardinal Newman uses "Liberalism" as "short" for most things that he dislikes? In any case the word "Liberal" is one of those question-begging, popular, political terms which had been expelled from the criticism of poetry. It seems an error to bring back the word with its passionate associations. Mr. Courthope will, perhaps, think that the reviewer who thus objects is himself a Liberal. It is not so; and though I would fain escape from even the thought of party bickerings, I probably agree with Mr. Courthope in not wishing to disestablish anything or anybody, not even the House of Lords. None the less it is distract-

<sup>1</sup> Compare Maginn's brutal and silly attack on Shelley's *'Adonais,'* recently reprinted in Maginn's *'Miscellanies,'* Sampson Low and Company.

<sup>2</sup> John Murray, London, 1885.

ing, when we are occupied for once with thoughts about poetry, to meet sentences like this: "Life, in the Radical view, is simply change; and a Radical is ready to promote every caprice or whim of the numerical majority of the moment in the belief that the change which it effects in the constitution of society will bring him nearer to some ideal state existing in his own imagination." Or again: "How many leagues away do they" (certain remarks of Mr. Burke's) "carry us from the Liberal Radicalism now crying out for the abolition of the hereditary branch of the Legislature?" and so on. One expects, in every page, to encounter the deceased wife's sister, or "a cow and three acres." It is not in the mood provoked by our enthusiasm for the hereditary branch of the Legislature, it is not when the heart stands up in defence of the game laws, that we are fit to reason about poetry. Consequently, as it appears to me, Mr. Courthope, in his excitement against Radicalism, does not always reason correctly, nor, perhaps, feel correctly, about poetry.

As far as I understand the main thesis of Mr. Courthope's book, it is something like this. From a very early date, from the date certainly of Chaucer, there have been flowing two main streams in English literature. One stream is the Poetry of Romance, the other is the Poetry of Manners. The former had its source (I am inclined to go a great way further back for its source) "in the institutions of chivalry, and in mediæval theology." The other poetical river, again, the poetry of manners, "has been fed by the life, actions, and manners of the nation." One might add to this that the "life and actions" of our people have often, between the days of the Black Prince and of General Gordon, been in the highest degree "romantic." This mixture, however, would confuse M. Courthope's system. Drayton's 'Agincourt,' Lord Tennyson's 'Revenge' may be regarded at will, perhaps, as

belonging to the poetry of romance, or the poetry of national action. Mr. Courthope does not touch on this fact, but the reader will do well to keep it in mind, for reasons which will appear later.

The fortunes of the two streams of poetry have been different. The romantic stream was lost in the sands of Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and the rest, but welled up again in the beginning of our own century, in Scott, Coleridge, and others. The poetry of manners, on the other hand, had its great time when men, revolting from the conceits of degenerate romanticism, took, with Pope, Dryden, Thomson, and Johnson, to "correctness," to working under the "ethical impulse." Now the "correctness" and the choice of moral topics which prevailed in the eighteenth century were "Conservative," and the new burst of romantic poetry was "Liberal," and was connected with the general revolutionary and Liberal movement in politics, speculation, and religion. Finally, Mr. Courthope thinks that "the Liberal movement in our literature, as well as in our politics, is beginning to languish." Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are not aware that they are languishing. In the interests of our languishing poetry, at all events, Mr. Courthope briefly prescribes more "healthy objectivity" (the words are mine, and are slang, but they put the idea briefly), and a "revival of the simple iambic movements of English in metres historically established in our literature."

In this sketch of Mr. Courthope's thesis, his main ideas show forth as, if not new, yet, perfectly true. There is, there has been, a poetry of romance of which the corruption is found in the wanton conceits of Donne and Crashaw. There is, there has been, a poetry of manners and morals, of which the corruption is didactic proiness. In the secular action and reaction, each of these tendencies has, at various times, been weak or strong. At the beginning of this century, too,

a party tinge was certainly given, chiefly by Conservative critics, to the reborn romantic poetry. Keats cared as little as any man for what Marcus Aurelius calls "the drivelling of politicians," but even Keats, as a friend of "kind Hunt's," was a sort of Liberal. But admitting this party colouring, one must add that it was of very slight moment indeed, and very casually distributed. Therefore, one must still regret, for reasons which will instantly appear, Mr. Courthope's introduction of party names and party prejudices into his interesting essays.

It is probably the author's preoccupation with politics which causes frequent contradictions, as they seem, and a general sense of confusion which often make it very hard to follow his argument, and to see what he is really driving at. For example, Scott, the Conservative Scott, whom Mr. Courthope so justly admires, has to appear as a Liberal, almost a revolutionary, in verse. Mr. Courthope quotes Coleridge's account of the origin of *Lyrical Ballads* as "the first note of the 'new departure,' which I have called the 'Liberal Movement in English Literature.'" Well, but the Tory Scott was an eager follower of Coleridge's; he played (if we are to be political) Mr. Jesse Collings to Coleridge's Mr. Chamberlain. This, by itself, proves how very little the Liberal movement in literature was a party movement, how little it had to do with Liberalism in politics.

Again, when Mr. Courthope is censuring, and most justly censuring, Mr. Carlyle's grudging and Pharisaical article on Scott, he speaks of Carlyle as a "Radical," and finds that "our Radical Diogenes" blamed Scott "because he was a Conservative, and amused the people." Now Carlyle, of all men, was no Radical; and Scott, as a Conservative, is a queer figure in a Liberal movement. Another odd fact is that the leaders of the Liberal movement "steeped themselves" in the atmosphere of feudal romance. Whatever else feudal romance may

have been, it was eminently anti-Radical, and, to poetic Radicals, should have been eminently congenial. Odder still (if the Liberal movement in literature was a party movement to any important extent) is Mr. Courthope's discovery that Macaulay was a Conservative critic. Yet a Conservative critic Macaulay must have been, because he was in the camp opposed to that of Coleridge and Keats. Macaulay was a very strong party man, and, had he been aware that his critical tastes were Tory, he would perhaps have changed his tastes. Yet again, Mr. Courthope finds that optimism is the note of Liberalism, while "the Conservative takes a far less sanguine view of the prospects of the art of poetry," and of things in general. But Byron and Shelley, in Mr. Courthope's argument, were Liberal poets. Yet Mr. Courthope says, speaking of Shelley, "like Byron, he shows himself a complete pessimist." For my own part (and Mr. Courthope elsewhere expresses the same opinion), Shelley seems to me an optimist, in his queer political dreams of a future where Prometheus and Asia shall twine beams and buds in a cave, unvexed by priests and kings—a future in which all men shall be peaceful, brotherly, affectionate sentimentalists. But Mr. Courthope must decide whether Byron and Shelley are to be Conservatives and pessimists, or Liberals and optimists. At present their position as Liberal pessimists seems, on his own showing, difficult and precarious. Macaulay, too, the Liberal Macaulay, is a pessimist, according to Mr. Courthope. All this confusion, as I venture to think it, appears to arise, then, from Mr. Courthope's political preoccupations. He shows us a Radical Carlyle, a Conservative Macaulay; a Scott who is, perhaps, a kind of Whig; a Byron, who, being pessimistic, should be Conservative, but is Liberal; a Shelley, who is Liberal, though, being pessimistic, he ought to be Conservative. It is all very perplexing, and, like most mis-

chief, all comes out of party politics. It is less easy to demonstrate, what I cannot help suspecting, that Mr. Courthope's great admiration of the typical poetry of the eighteenth century comes from his persuasion that that poetry, like Providence, "is Tory." This may seem an audacious guess. I am led to make it partly by observing that Mr. Courthope's own poems, especially the charming lyrics in 'The Paradise of Birds,' have a freedom and a varied music, extremely Liberal, extremely unlike Johnson and Thomson, and not all dissimilar to what we admire in the Red Republican verse of Mr. Swinburne. Now, if Mr. Courthope writes verse like that (and I wish he would write more), surely his inmost self must, on the whole, tend rather to the poetry he calls Liberal, than to that which (being a politician) he admires as Conservative, but does not imitate. All this, however, is an attempt to plumb "the abysmal depths of personality." We are on firmer ground when we try to show that Mr. Courthope expresses too high an opinion of the typical poetry of the eighteenth century. Now this really brings us face to face with the great question, Was Pope a poet? and that, again, leads us to the brink of a discussion as to What is poetry? On these matters no one will ever persuade his neighbours by argument. We all follow our tastes, incapable of conversion. I must admit that I am, on this point, a Romanticist of the most "dishevelled" character; that Pope's verse does not affect me as what I call poetry affects me; that I only style Pope, in Mr. Swinburne's words, "a poet with a difference." This is one of the remarks which inspire Mr. Courthope to do battle for Pope, and for Thomson, and Johnson, and the rest. Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, vexes Mr. Courthope by calling Pope and Dryden "classics of our prose." Why are they not poets? he asks; and "Who is a poet if not Pope?" Who? Why from Homer onwards there are many poets: there

are "many mansions," but if Pope dwells in one of them I think it is by courtesy, and because there are a few diamonds of poetry in the fine gold of his verse. But it is time to say why one would (in spite of the very highest of all living authorities) incline to qualify the title of "poet" as given to Pope. It is for a reason which Mr. Courthope finds it hard to understand. He says that Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne deny Pope the laurel without assigning reasons. They merely cry, in a despotic fashion, *stet pro ratione voluntas*. They do not offer argument, or, if they argue, their arguments will not "hold water." But Mr. Courthope himself justifies the lack of argument by his own reply to certain reasonings of Wordsworth's. "Your reasoning, no doubt," says Mr. Courthope to the Bard of Rydal, "is very fine and ingenious, but the matter is one not for argument, but for perception."

Precisely: and so Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne might answer Mr. Courthope's complaints of their lack of argument,—"The matter is one not for argument, but for perception." One feels, or perceives, in reading Pope, the lack of what one cannot well argue about, the lack of the indefinable glory of poetry, the bloom on it, as happiness is, according to Aristotle, the bloom on a life of goodness. Mr. Swinburne, avoiding "argument," writes, "the test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests. Poetry in which there is no element at once perceptible and indefinable by any reader or hearer of any poetic instinct may have every other good quality . . . but if all its properties can easily or can ever be gauged and named by its admirers, it is not poetry, above all it is not lyric poetry, of the first water." In fact, to employ the terms of Mr. Courthope's own reply to Wordsworth, "the matter is one not for argument, but for perception." Now this "perceptible and indefinable" element in poetry, is rarely

present in Pope's verse, if it is ever present at all. We can "gauge and name" the properties of Pope's verse, and little or nothing is left unnamed and ungauged. For this reason Pope always appears to me, if a poet at all, a poet "with a difference." The test, of course, is subjective, even mystical, if you will. Mr. Courthope might answer that Pope is full of passages in which he detects an indefinable quality that can never be gauged or named. In that case I should be silenced, but Mr. Courthope does not say anything of the sort. Far from that, he says (and here he does astonish me) that "the most sublime passages of Homer, Milton, and Virgil, can readily be analysed into their elements." Why, if it were so, they would indeed be on the level of Pope. But surely it is not so. We can parse Homer, Milton, and Virgil; we can make a *précis* of what they state; but who can analyse their incommunicable charm? If any man thinks he can analyse it, to that man, I am inclined to cry, the charm must be definable indeed, but also imperceptible. Take Homer's words, so simply uttered, when Helen has said that her brothers shun the war, for her shame's sake—

ὦς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἦδη κατέχεν φυσίκοος αἶα,  
Ἐν Λακεδαιμονίᾳ αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.<sup>1</sup>

Who can analyse the subtle melancholy of the lines, the incommunicable charm and sweetness, full of all thoughts of death, and life, and the dearth of our native land?

In Virgil and Milton it is even easier to find examples of this priceless quality, lines like

"Flumina antiquos subterlabentia  
muros,"<sup>2</sup>

or

"Te, Lari maxime, teque  
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace,  
marino!"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "So spake she, but them already the mother earth possessed, there in Lacedaemon, their own dear native land."

<sup>2</sup> "And rivers gliding under ancient walls."

<sup>3</sup> "Thee, mightiest Laris, and thee Bonaceus, rising with waves and surge as of the sea."

Mr. Courthope himself quotes lines of Milton's that sufficiently illustrate my meaning—

"And ladies of the Hesperides that seemed  
Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since  
Of faery damsels met in forest wide  
By Knight of Logris or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."

There is something in the very procession and rhythmical fitness of the words, there is a certain bloom and charm, which defies analysis. This bloom is of the essence of poetry, and it is *not* characteristic of the typical verse of Mr. Courthope's Conservative eighteenth century. He enters into argument with Mr. Swinburne, who quotes, as an example of the indefinable quality—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

Mr. Swinburne says that "if not another word was left of the poem in which those two last lines occur, those two lines would suffice to show the hand of a poet differing, not in degree, but in kind, from the tribe of Byron or of Southey"—the Conservative singer of Wat Tyler. As to Byron I do not speak; but certainly the two lines, like two lines of Sappho's, if they alone survived, would give assurance of a poet of the true gift, of the unimpeachable inspiration. Such a line as

\*Ἦρος ἄγγελος ἱμεροφώνος ἀήδων,<sup>4</sup>

or

ὥς δὲ παῖς πρὸς μάτερα πεπτερόγῳμαι,<sup>5</sup>

is not a more infallible proof of the existence of a true poet.

Mr. Courthope does not see this in the case of Wordsworth. He says the beauty of the fragment depends on the context. I quote his remark, which proves how vain it is to argue about poetry, how truly it is "a

<sup>4</sup> "The dear glad angel of spring, the Nightingale."—BEN JONSON.

<sup>5</sup> "Even as a child to its mother I flutter to thee." Both these passages are fragments of Sappho.

matter of perception." Mr. Courthouse says, "The high quality of the verses depends upon their associations with the image of the solitary Highland reaper singing unconsciously her 'melancholy strain' in the midst of the autumn sheaves; detached from this image the lines would scarcely have been more affecting than our old friend, 'Barbara, celarent, &c.'" By an odd coincidence, and personal experience, I can disprove (in my own case) this dictum of Mr. Courthouse. When I was a freshman, with a great aversion to Wordsworth, and an almost exhaustive ignorance of his poetry, I chanced to ask a friend to suggest a piece of verse for Latin elegiacs. He answered, "Why don't you try

'Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.'

I did *not* attempt to convert the lines into blundering elegiacs. I did not even ask for the context, but the beauty and enchantment of the sounds remained with me, singing to me, as it were, in lonely places beside the streams and below the hills. This is, perhaps, evidence that, for some hearers, the high quality of Wordsworth's touch, "when Nature took the pen from him," does *not* depend on the context, though from the context even that verse gains new charms. For what is all Celtic poetry but a memory

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago"?

In the long run, perhaps, as Mr. Courthouse says, Mr. Swinburne "only proves by his argument that the poetry of Byron is of a different kind from the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley, and that he himself infinitely prefers the poetry of the two latter." Unluckily argument can prove no more than that the poetry which we "infinitely prefer" is of a different kind from the poetry of Pope and Johnson, and even from most of Thomson's. One cannot de-

monstrate that it is not only of a different kind but of an infinitely higher kind. That is matter for perception. But this one may say, and it may even appear of the nature of an argument, that the poetry of "a different kind," which I agree with so much more competent a judge as Mr. Swinburne in preferring, is not peculiar to any one people, or time, or movement. It is *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. I find this flower on the long wild, frozen plains and steppes, the *tundras*, of the Finnish epic, the 'Kalevala':—"The cold has spoken to me, and the rain has told me her runes; the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me, the wild birds have taught me, the music of many waters has been my master." So says the Runoia, and he speaks truly, but wind and rain, and fen and forest, cloud and sky and sea, never taught their lesson to the typical versifiers of the Conservative eighteenth century. I find their voices, and their enchantment, and their passion in Homer and Virgil, in Theocritus, and Sophocles, and Aristophanes, in the *volkslieder* of modern Greece, as in the ballads of the Scottish border, in Shakespeare and Marlowe, in Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, in Cowper and Gray, as in Shelley and Scott and Coleridge, in Edgar Poe, in Heine, and in the Edda. Where I do not find this natural magic, and "element at once perceptible and indefinable," is in the 'Rape of the Lock,' 'The Essay on Man,' 'Eloisa to Abelard,' 'The Campaign,'—is in the typical verse of the classical and Conservative eighteenth century. Now, if I am right in what, after all, is a matter of perception, if all great poetry of all time has this one mark, this one element, and is of this one kind, while only the typical poetry of a certain three generations lacks the element, and is of another kind, can I be wrong in preferring *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*?

The late Rector of Lincoln College (a Liberal, to be sure, alas!) has defined

that which we consciously miss in Pope and Johnson as "the element of inspired feeling." Perhaps we cannot define it, and perhaps it is going too far to say, with the Rector, that "it is by courtesy that the versifiers of the century from Dryden to Churchill are styled poets." Let us call them "poets with a difference," for even Mr. Courthope will probably admit (what he says Mr. Swinburne has "proved" about Byron) that they are poets "of a different kind." Then let us prefer which kind we please, and be at rest. We, who prefer the kind that Homer began, and that Lord Tennyson continues, might add, as a reason for our choice, that our side is strong in the knowledge and rendering of Nature. Wordsworth, in a letter to Scott,<sup>1</sup> remarked that Dryden's was "not a poetical genius," although he possessed (what Chapelain, according to Théophile Gautier, *especially* lacked), "a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear." But, said Wordsworth, "there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works," and, "in his translation from Virgil, wherever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his eye upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage." So, it is generally confessed, does Pope spoil Homer, Homer who always has his eye on the object. I doubt if Chapman, when he says—

"And with the tops he bottoms all the deeps,  
And all the bottoms in the tops he steeps,"

gives the spirit of a storm of Homer's worse than Pope does, when he remarks—

"The waves behind roll on the waves before."

Or where does Homer say that the stars—

"O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain head?"

Πάρτα δὲ εἰδὲραι ἄστρον,<sup>2</sup>

says Homer, and it is enough. The "yellower verdure," and the silver,

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, ii. 89.

<sup>2</sup> "And all the stars show plain."

and the rest of this precious stuff come from Pope, that minute observer of external nature. Mr. Courthope numbers Dryden, with Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Scott, among poets with "the power of reproducing the idea of external nature." It may be my unconscious Liberalism, but I prefer the view of that eminent Radical, William Wordsworth. Mr. Courthope elsewhere asserts that the writers of the best poetry of the eighteenth century (meaning Pope, I presume, and the rest), "faced nature boldly, and wrote about it in metre directly as they felt it." Probably, by "nature," Mr. Courthope means "human nature," for I cannot believe that Pope, boldly facing Nature on a starlit night, really saw a "yellower verdure" produced by "that obscure light which droppeth from the stars."

Before leaving the question of the value of typical eighteenth century poetry, one would recall Mr. Courthope's distinctions between the poetry of manners and national action, and the poetry of romance. I said that there was much romance in our national actions. Now, outside the sacred grove of Conservative and classical poetry, that romance of national action has been felt, has been fittingly sung. From the Fight of Brunanburh, to Drayton's 'Agincourt,' from Agincourt to Lord Tennyson's 'Revenge,' and Sir Francis Doyle's 'Red Thread of Honour,' we have certain worthy and romantic lyrics of national action. The Cavalier poets gave us many songs of England under arms, even Macaulay's 'Armada' stirs us like 'Chevy Chase,' or 'Kinmont Willie.' The Conservative and classical age of our poetry was an age of great actions. What, then, did the Conservative poets add to the lyrics of the romance of national action? Where is *their* 'Battle of the Baltic,' or their 'Mariners of England'? Why, till we come to Cowper (an early member of "the Liberal movement,") to Cowper and the 'Loss of the Royal George,' I declare I know not where to find a poet who

has discovered in national action any romance or any inspiration at all! What do we get, in place of the romance of national adventure, in place of 'Lucknow' and 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' from the classical period? Why, we get, at most, and at best,

"Though fens and floods possessed the middle  
space  
That unprovoked they would have feared to  
pass,  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's  
hands,  
When her proud foe ranged on their border  
stands."<sup>1</sup>

I recommend the historical and topographical accuracy of the second line, and the musical correctness of the fourth. Not thus did Scott sing how—

"The stubborn spearsmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,"

and I doubt if Achilles found any such numbers, when Patroclus entered his tent, *ἀείδε δ' ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν*.<sup>2</sup> The Conservative age, somehow, was less patriotic than the poets of "the Liberal movement."

Space fails me, and I cannot join battle with Mr. Courthope as to the effect of science on poetry, and as to the poetry of savage times and peoples, though I am longing to criticise the verses of Dieyries and Narrinyeries, and the *karakias* of the Maoris, and the great Maori epic, so wonderfully Homeric, and the songs of the Ojibbeways and Malagasies. When Macaulay said, "as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines," I doubt if much Dieyri or Narrinyeri verse was present to his consciousness. But this belongs to a separate discussion.

I have tried to show that, by intro-

<sup>1</sup> Of course there are better things than this in the 'Campaign' of the inspired Mr. Addison.

<sup>2</sup> "And he was singing of the glorious deeds of men."

ducing political terms into poetical criticism, and by having his eye on politics when discoursing of poetry, Mr. Courthope has not made obscure matters clearer, and has, perhaps, been betrayed into a strained affection for the Conservative and classical school. His definition of what gives a poet his rank, "his capacity for producing lasting pleasure by the metrical expression of thought, of whatever kind it may be," certainly admits Pope and some of his followers. But, as a mere matter of perception, I must continue to think them "poets with a difference," different from Homer, Sappho, Theocritus, Virgil, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Heine. This is the conclusion of a romanticist, who maintains that the best things in Racine, the best things in Aristophanes, the best things in the Book of Job, are romantic. But I willingly acknowledge that the classical movement, the Conservative movement, the movement which Waller began and Pope completed, was inevitable, necessary, salutary.

I am not ungrateful to Pope and Waller; but they hold of Apollo in his quality of leech, rather than of minstrel, and they "rather seem his healing son," Asclepius, than they resemble the God of the Silver Bow. As to the future of our poetry, whether poets should return to "the simple iambic movements" or not, who can predict? It all depends on the poets, probably unborn, who are to succeed Mr. Matthew Arnold and Lord Tennyson. But I hope that, if our innumerable lyric measures are to be deserted, it may be after my time. I see nothing opposed to a moderate Conservatism in anapæsts, but I fear Mr. Courthope suspects the lyric Muse herself of a dangerous Radicalism.

ANDREW LANG.

## ON LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST is one of the earliest of Shakspeare's dramas, and has many of the peculiarities of his poems, which are also the work of his earlier life. The opening speech of the King on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron, have something of the monumental style of Shakspeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression. This connection of the play with his poems is further enforced by the insertion in it of three sonnets and a faultless song; which, in accordance with Shakspeare's practice in other plays, are inwoven into the action of the piece and, like the golden ornaments of a fair woman, give it a peculiar air of distinction. There is merriment in it also, with choice illustrations of both wit and humour; a laughter often exquisite, ringing, if faintly, yet as genuine laughter still, though sometimes sinking into mere burlesque, which has not lasted quite so well. And Shakspeare brings a serious effect out of the trifling of his characters. A dainty love-making is interchanged with the more cumbrous play; below the many artifices of Biron's amorous speeches we may trace sometimes the "unutterable longing;" and the lines in which Katherine describes the blighting through love of her younger sister are one of the most touching things in older literature.<sup>1</sup> Again, how many echoes seem awakened by those strange words, actually said in jest!—"The sweet war-man (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man"—words which may remind us of Shakspeare's own epitaph. In the last scene, an ingenious turn is given to the action, so that the piece

does not conclude after the manner of other comedies—

"Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill:"

and Shakspeare strikes a passionate note across it at last, in the entrance of the messenger, who announces to the Princess that the King her father is suddenly dead.

The merely dramatic interest of the piece is slight enough—only just sufficient, indeed, to be the vehicle of its wit and poetry. The scene—a park of the King of Navarre—is unaltered throughout; and the unity of the play is not so much the unity of a drama as that of a series of pictorial groups, in which the same figures reappear, in different combinations, but on the same background. It is as if Shakspeare had intended to bind together, by some inventive conceit, the devices of an ancient tapestry, and give voices to its figures. On one side, a fair palace; on the other, the tents of the Princess of France, who has come on an embassy from her father to the King of Navarre; in the midst, a wide space of smooth grass. The same personages are combined over and over again into a series of gallant scenes—the Princess, the three masked ladies, the quaint, pedantic King—one of those amiable kings men have never loved enough, whose serious occupation with the things of the mind seems, by contrast with the more usual forms of kingship, like frivolity or play. Some of the figures are grotesque merely, and, all the male ones at least, a little fantastic. Certain objects reappearing from scene to scene—love-letters crammed with verses to the margin, and lovers' toys—hint obscurely at some story of intrigue. Between these groups, on a smaller scale, come the slighter and more

<sup>1</sup> Act v., scene ii.

homely episodes, with Sir Nathaniel the curate, the country-maid Jaquenetta, Moth or Mote the élin-page, with Hiems and Ver, who recite "the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo." The ladies are lodged in tents, because the King, like the princess of the modern poet's fancy, has taken a vow

"To make his court a little Academe,"

and for three years' space no woman may come within a mile of it; and the play shows how this artificial attempt was broken through. For the King and his three fellow-scholars are of course soon forsworn, and turn to writing sonnets, each to his chosen lady. These fellow scholars of the King—"quaint votaries of science," at first, afterwards, "affection's men-at-arms"—three youthful knights, gallant, amorous, chivalrous, but also a little affected, sporting always a curious foppery of language—are throughout the leading figures in the foreground; one of them, in particular, being more carefully depicted than the others, and in himself very noticeable—a portrait with somewhat puzzling manner and expression, which at once catches the eye irresistibly and keeps it fixed.

Play is often that about which people are most serious; and the humorist may observe how, under all love of playthings, there is almost always hidden an appreciation of something really engaging and delightful. This is true always of the toys of children; it is often true of the playthings of grown-up people, their vanities, their fopperies even—the cynic would add their pursuit of fame and their lighter loves. Certainly, this is true without exception of the playthings of a past age, which to those who succeed it are always full of pensive interest—old manners, old dresses, old houses. For what is called fashion in these matters occupies, in each age, much of the care of many of the most discerning people, furnishing them with a kind of mirror

of their real inward refinements, and their capacity for selection. Such modes or fashions are, at their best, an example of the artistic predominance of form over matter; of the manner of the doing of it over the thing done; and have a beauty of their own. It is so with that old euphuism of the Elizabethan age—that pride of dainty language and curious expression, which it is very easy to ridicule, which often made itself ridiculous, but which had below it a real sense of fitness and nicety; and which, as we see in this very play, and still more clearly in the Sonnets, had some fascination for the young Shakspeare himself. It is this foppery of delicate language, this fashionable plaything of his time, with which Shakspeare is occupied in 'Love's Labours Lost.' He shows us the manner in all its stages; passing from the grotesque and vulgar pedantry of Holofernes, through the extravagant but polished caricature of Armado, to become the peculiar characteristic of a real though still quaint poetry in Biron himself—still chargeable, even at his best, with just a little affectation. As Shakspeare laughs broadly at it in Holofernes or Armado, he is the analyst of its curious charm in Biron; and this analysis involves a delicate raillery by Shakspeare himself at his own chosen manner.

This "foppery" of Shakspeare's day had, then, its really delightful side, a quality in no sense "affected," by which it satisfies a real instinct in our minds—the fancy so many of us have for an exquisite and curious skill in the use of words. Biron is the perfect flower of this manner—

"A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight"

—as he describes Armado, in terms which are really applicable to himself. In him this manner blends with a true gallantry of nature, and an affectionate complaisance and grace. He has at times some of its extravagance or caricature also, but the shades of expression by which he

passes from this to the "golden cadence" of Shakspeare's own chosen verse, are so fine, that it is sometimes difficult to trace them. What is a vulgarity in *Holofernes*, and a caricature in *Armado*, refines itself in him into the expression of a nature truly and inwardly bent upon a form of delicate perfection, and is accompanied by a real insight into the laws which determine what is exquisite in language, and their root in the nature of things. He can appreciate quite the opposite style—

"In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes ;"  
he knows the first law of pathos, that—

"Honest plain words best suit the ear of grief."

He delights in his own rapidity of intuition ; and, in harmony with the half-sensuous philosophy of the *Sonnets*, exalts, a little scornfully, in many memorable expressions, the judgment of the senses, above all slower, more toilsome means of knowledge, scorning some who fail to see things only because they are so clear—

"So ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes"—

as with some German commentators on Shakspeare. Appealing always to actual sensation from men's affected theories, he might seem to despise learning ; as, indeed, he has taken up his deep studies partly in play, and demands always the profit of learning in renewed enjoyment ; yet he surprises us from time to time by intuitions which can come only from a deep experience and power of observation ; and men listen to him, old and young, in spite of themselves. He is quickly impressible to the slightest clouding of the spirits in social intercourse, and has his moments of extreme seriousness ; his trial-task may well be, as *Rosaline* puts it—

"To enforce the pained impotent to smile."  
But still, through all, he is true to his chosen manner ; that gloss of dainty

language is a second nature with him ; even at his best he is not without a certain artifice ; the trick of playing on words never deserts him ; and Shakspeare, in whose own genius there is an element of this very quality, shows us in this graceful, and, as it seems, studied, portrait, his enjoyment of it.

As happens with every true dramatist, Shakspeare is for the most part hidden behind the persons of his creation. Yet there are certain of his characters in which we feel that there is something of self-portraiture. And it is not so much in his grander, more subtle and ingenious creations that we feel this—in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*—as in those slighter and more spontaneously developed figures, who, while far from playing principal parts, are yet distinguished by a certain peculiar happiness and delicate ease in the drawing of them—figures which possess, above all, that winning attractiveness which there is no man but would willingly exercise, and which resemble those works of art which, though not meant to be very great or imposing, are yet wrought of the choicest material. *Mercutio*, in '*Romeo and Juliet*,' belongs to this group of Shakspeare's characters—versatile, mercurial people, such as make good actors, and in whom the

"Nimble spirits of the arteries,"

the finer but still merely animal elements of great wit, predominate. A careful delineation of little, characteristic traits seems to mark them out as the characters of his predilection ; and it is hard not to identify him with these more than with others. *Biron*, in '*Love's Labours Lost*,' is perhaps the most striking member of this group. In this character, which is never quite in touch with, never quite on a perfect level of understanding with the other persons of the play, we see, perhaps, a reflex of Shakspeare himself, when he has just become able to stand aside from and estimate the first period of his poetry.

WALTER PATER.

## IRISH SHOOTINGS.

IN the month of November, 1883, I was on a visit to a relative who lived in a remote district in the south-west of Ireland; and as my host was an invalid and his two sons were at school I was thrown pretty much on my own resources for amusement.

One morning I started after breakfast with a couple of dogs to explore a distant *coom*, or mountain valley, where I was promised the chance of five or six brace of woodcock, and the certainty of a fine view of the surrounding hills and distant sea.

The morning was dark and lowering, but the barometer stood high, and there did not seem to be any danger of rain. I found the *coom* more distant than I had expected, and also lost a good deal of time in looking for snipe in a promising bog which lay a little off my road. The birds were wild, and the bogs so full of water after recent rains that I could not get near them; as a countryman whom I met informed me, "Ye won't get widin the screech of a jackass of them, for ye makes as much nize as a steamer paddlin' through all that wather;" so I abandoned the chase after securing three or four couple. The man was friendly, and seemed inclined for a talk.

"Where are ye goin' now, yer honour? if I might make so bould," he asked as I turned away.

"I'm going up to Coomeana," I replied.

"Why thin? What to do there, yer honour, might I ax, if it's plazin' to ye?"

"To look for a cock. Are there any about?"

"Cocks is it, why wouldn't they? Begor, it do be crawlin' wid them sometimes. Ye wouldn't have the laste taste of tibbacky about ye, yer

honour? I hadn't a shough (pull) of the pipe wid three days, and I'm just starved for the want of it."

"All right," said I. "Here you are," and I pulled out my tobacco pouch and gave him a couple of ounces of cavendish. He bit it with the air of a *connoisseur*, and his not very attractive countenance brightened.

"Oh, glory!" said he, "why thin long life to you!" and he "let," as he would have expressed it, "a lep out himself," and sitting down on a stone, proceeded to charge an almost stemless *dhudheen* without loss of time. I wished him good morning, whistled to the dogs and went my way.

Presently I heard the steps of one running behind me, and turning back was aware of my friend pursuing. When he overtook me, he civilly removed his pipe, which was now all aglow, and after eying it lovingly, said,

"Whisper, yer honour. Ye'll be the strange gentleman that's stoppin' wid Mистер Bourke over yonder?"

"Yes," I replied. "What of that?"

"Oh, nothin' at all, sir. I thought so meself. The byes (boys) were tellin' me that ye was the civil gentleman to the poor people, and that ye has great nature, and so I finds ye, be Job. And"—after a pause, "ye're goin' up Coomeana afther the cocks? Well, good sport to yer honour—" another pause. "Don't ye be out too late. Them mountains is lonesome about nightfall," he added musingly.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of the fairies," I replied.

"Whisht, sir," said he, this time with real concern. "'Tisn't looky (lucky) to be t<sup>h</sup>'in' of the good people," touching his hat, "out in these bogs. 'Tisn't thim I manes at

all, only ye know," said he insinuatingly, "the little mountain paths is crass (cross, difficult) to a sthranger, and ye might lose yer way or fall into a bog-hole. That's a purty gun ye has," said he admiringly; "does she scatter well now?"

"No, I should hope not," said I.

"Och, that's a pity," he replied; for an Irish peasant not being generally a good shot, except at landlords, policemen and such big game, his ideal of a shot-gun is a weapon which will scatter well, and give him most chances.

"Well, good evenin' to yer honour, and good look anyways," and as I was turning away he added carelessly, "don't ye be out too late."

I thought his manner strange, but did not attach any significance to his warning. Mr. Bourke was on fair terms with his tenants, and though the times were troublous he had never even received a threatening letter; besides I was known to be a stranger, with no stake in the country, and was also, as my friend said, a favourite with the boys.

It was a weary way up the mountain side and the afternoon was well advanced before I reached my destination. The view down the mountain gorge was very fine, and under a fair sky, with the hill sides in alternate light and shadow, must have been magnificent. But as I saw it then, range after range stretched away in gloomy loneliness to the ocean, which lay dull and leaden some miles away, with a hooker or coasting craft, dark and solitary, lying becalmed or at anchor close in shore. I did not, however, waste time in studying the view, for I soon came upon the birds, though this was certainly not one of the days quoted by my friend below, when the place was "crawlin' with them." They lay close too; and as Irish dogs are generally better at snipe than cock, and there was no wind, they often got up behind me, making me lose much time in following them; so that the evening was closing in before I had shot more

than four couple, and as my host had told me not to show my face with less than six, I determined to bestir myself, and calling the dogs I started for a little valley about half a mile away into which I had marked several birds, and which I had been told before starting was the surest find on the mountain.

This valley was not more than half a mile away as the crow flies; but then I am not a crow, and I had to go up one little hill and down another, and to make a long circuit round a shaking bog, so that by the time I had got to my hunting ground, and had shot one bird, the night was coming on apace; and to make matters worse, a mist came sweeping up from the sea, which grew thicker every instant, so that when I at last made up my mind to turn my face homewards, I was at a loss which way to turn it.

The hill-tops were by this time hidden in mist, so that in the fading light I could make out no landmarks. I knew that the wind had sprung up from seaward, but it was very light, and seemed shifty and uncertain. I hit at last upon a path, which seemed like that by which I had come up; but after following it for more than a mile, it led me to a brawling stream, which I had not met before, and I began to suspect that I had been following it away from home instead of homewards.

I then tried back for a mile and a half or more, by which time it was nearly dark, and then I lost the path altogether. I took a pull at my flask, and ate the remains of a piece of oatcake which I had brought with me in the morning. I called the dogs and spoke to them, and encouraged them to make a show of their wonderful instinct and lead me home; but they only sat on their tails, and whimpered and shivered, looking at me sadly, as though to ask why I had got them into such a mess.

I shouted and shouted, but no answer came back upon the wind. I was tired and wet and wretched; so I

lit my pipe, which gave me some little comfort, and made up my mind to walk on till I came somewhere, or till I found a convenient heap of stones, which would give me some shelter from the wind and now thickly falling rain, till morning.

The moon would not rise for some hours, so there was no use in waiting for her. I therefore plodded on slowly, taking comfort from the thought that things could not be worse, as I brought to mind the great poet's words, "the worst is not, as long as we can say, This is the worst." But soon I found my mistake; for after walking about another mile I put my foot into a hole and fell and wrenched my ankle, so that walking, which was before only tiring, now became painful, and having come to a good high cairn of those great ice-borne boulders so common in the south and west, I crept into a hollow between two of them and, with the dogs lying close beside me for warmth and company, soon dozed off to sleep, being very weary.

I may have slept for an hour or more, when I was awakened by the barking of one of the dogs. He was seated on a hillock outside, barking, and looking into the distance, where I could see nothing, though the rain had ceased and the stars were now shining. But I soon discovered that he was answering another dog, for after listening intently I heard in the distance, far below me, that measured *yap, yap, yap*, followed by intervals of silence, which is so hard to bear when one wants to sleep, and the watchdog's dishonest bark either "bays the whispering wind," or holds distant converse with a neighbour. So I got up, and though my ankle was swollen and painful, I girded myself and went my way, guided by the sound. After stumbling wearily along, and falling many times, I at last arrived at what seemed to be a farm-house of the better sort, through the window of which I saw with great joy a cheerful fire blazing.

The dog who had led me thither was seated on a dunghill outside the door, and was soon waging fierce battle with both my dogs, and the noise which they made, and my cries whilst striving to part them, soon roused the inmates. The door was opened, and a girl's voice was heard calling, "Taypot, Taypot, ye blaggard, come in out of that!" whilst a deeper voice in the background asked—

"Who's there? Come in whoever ye are, in the name of God."

The girl who was standing at the door started back on seeing the gun, but being aware of "the smell-dogs," as our American cousins call them, and noting my sporting gear, she said in a pleasant voice, "Come in out of the could, sir, sure it's late ye're out. Och! 'Tis destroyed with the wet ye are. He's lame too, the crayture," she added kindly. "Is it the way ye hurted yerself, sir?"

"Put a chair for the gentleman, Mary. Have ye no manners?" said an old man who was crouching on a settle in the ingle nook. "I can't stir meself, sir," he added; "I'm fairly bate wid the rheumatism. Maybe 'tis the way ye got lost on the mountain, sir? I seen the fog comin' up and 'tisn't the first time I seen that same to happen to a gentleman in that very shpot. That mountain is very vinimous to them that isn't well acquainted wid it."

So I told him my tale and asked him if I could stop for the night, for he let me know that Mr. Bourke's house was "a matther of seven Irish mile away," and he replied,

"Why then to be sure! and welcome, only it's a poor place for the likes of yer honour, but if ye're any relation of Misther Bourke ye can't help bein' a rale gentleman, and ye won't mind it. 'Tis only them half sirs and the likes that's contráry in themselves, and that the divil himself couldn't plaze; and Mary, sure his honour will be hungry, small blame to him! We'll have the praties billed in a brace of shakes, and a rasher of

bacon, and a basin of milk; sure that's better than the hunger anyways, though 'tishn't what ye're used to."

Here I may remark that the Irish peasant is essentially a well-bred person, and might set an example of good manners to many who look upon themselves as his social superiors. An Irishman, even of the poorest, will give you the shelter of his roof and all that his poor house contains with perfect hospitality, and with a true welcome, and having once and for all apologised for the shortcomings of his *ménage*, will not (as he considers it) insult your good feeling by further excuses; but will take it for granted that you will accept the best which he can give you, be it good or bad, in the same kindly spirit in which he offers it.

It was not very long before I was sitting down to a smoking dish of excellent potatoes, and an appetising rasher, which Mary deftly cooked, having learned (as she informed me) cooking and other accomplishments at the convent school. Now that I had time to look at her, I discovered that she was an uncommonly handsome and attractive girl, about nineteen years of age, dark-haired, with large merry blue eyes, "put in with a dirty finger"—a distinctly Spanish type of face and figure, such as you meet now and then in the west and south, in remarkable contrast to the aboriginal type, which it must be confessed, is the reverse of attractive. It is strange how traces of the old Spanish connection crop up, and how the young people sometimes "throw back" to the southern ancestor. One also lights upon other links of the broken chain now and then, in out-of-the-way places. Thus to my great surprise I happened on a little boy not long ago in a southern county whose Christian name was Alfonso, though his surname was only Egan. His parents told me that he was called after his great-grandfather, but they had no tradition of any Spanish connection, and of a truth they bore no

outward token of any such strain of foreign blood.

Mary's father, too, was to all appearance a Celt. He was a big, black-bearded man, well past middle age. He must have been a strong able man in his day, but he now seemed bowed down with pain and sickness. The family consisted, in addition to these two, of an active, bright-eyed boy about thirteen years of age, two younger children, and a stout, red-legged servant maid.

After I had finished a hearty meal, seasoned with the best of sauce, I produced my flask, into which I had dipped but modestly, and Mary having brought glasses and the "materials," I proceeded to mix a couple of stiff tumblers for her father and myself; and having persuaded him after due apology to join me in a pipe, we drew round the blazing fire of turf and bog-deal into the cosy ingle nook, and laid ourselves out for a chat.

The old man seemed delighted to break the monotony of his life by conversation with a stranger, and I interested them all by giving them an account of the United States, where I had been travelling a short time before, and to which many of their relations and friends had emigrated. Then we began to talk about the state of the country, concerning which they were much more reticent.

"It was purty quiet in these parts, glory be to God!" said the old man, "though I'm tould there's bad work elsewhere."

He said his own farm was a good one, with "the grass of fifteen cows," for the extent of farms in the wild west is measured by their grazing capabilities, not by the acreage. His rent was fair, and the times he admitted were pretty good.

"Were there any bad characters about?" I asked.

"Well, no, not many; barrin' wan, and he was on the run (flying from justice), and a good job too."

"Who was he, and what had he done?"

"He was wan Murty O'Hea, a broken farmer, and a bad mumber everyways, and there was a warrant out agin him, along of a dacent boy of the O'Connors that he kilt, and that swore informations agin him accordingly."

"Yes, and there's no fear he'd bate him—no, nor two like him—only he got a vacancy on him (got inside his guard) by chance, and gave him a contrhary (foul) sthroke, wan dark night," said Mary.

"Oho!" said I, "you seem to know all about it, Mary. It wasn't about you that they were fighting, was it?"

At which Mary blushed and hung her head and showed her long eyelashes, and looked quite pretty enough to have been the cause of one of those dreadful wars which we are told did not begin with Helen.

"But was that the only reason he had for running away?" I asked.

"Och, no," replied the father. "He owed five years' rent to the masther, and his credit was bate wid all the shopkeepers, and what he owed for whiskey is unknownst; and the masther ejected him a year ago, and nobody would take the farm for fear of him and of his faction, that's sthrong in these parts, till meself tuk the grazin' of half of it for six months, for I has more cattle than I can feed; but nobody will go to live there."

"Yes, and sorry I am ye ever had anything to say to it, and 'twould be better for ye a dale if ye tuk my advice and left it alone. 'Tisn't looky," said Mary.

"Why thin, maybe ye're right, and I'm thinkin' I'll be said by ye, Mary, and give it up next week, for ye has a dale of sinse—sometimes—for a shlip of a girl. Come bether to me. Whisper," said he; and after a short colloquy Mary lighted a candle and went out.

"I sees ye're sleepy, sir," said the old man. "Ye had a long day. Is the fut bad wid ye now, yer honour?"

"Oh, no," said I. "It's a little

swollen, but I can walk all right, at any rate with my boot off."

"Well, Mary will have the bed ready in the room for ye prisintly, and though it's a poor place for the likes of ye, ye're young, God bless ye, and ye're tired; ye'll get a good sleep. Och hone! 'tis many's the night since I had the good sleep, wid me joints, and a toothache in every knuckle of them!"

Here we were interrupted by the loud barking of the house-dog, to which my two pointers responded with growlings. The latch was raised, and a countryman burst in. He had neither coat nor hat, and he looked wild and distraught, his clothes dripping with water as though he had fallen into some dyke or bog-hole.

"Oh, Paddy," he cried, "ye unfortunate crayture! Run! Run for yer life! They're comin' to ye to-night, and if they ketches ye, ye're a dead man. Didn't I tell ye how 'twould be, when ye was so covatious and couldn't let that farm alone?"

Poor Paddy trembled visibly, whilst Mary, who had joined us, turned very white, and the children clustered round us, crying.

"Run is it!" answered Paddy. "That's a quare story! How would the likes of me run, when I can only crawl across the flure, about as quick as a dhruktheen! (a slug). Run? Moryah! (forsooth). 'Tis aisy to say run, and where would I run to? Ye knows as well as me that none of the neighbours would lave me in if them is comin' that you knows of. Och ullagone! If they'll kill me out of hand 'tis little I cares, only for Mary and the childher. Well, 'tis the will of God, I suppose. Glory be to his name: Amin!"—a response in which all the others, even the little children, joined.

"Who's coming?" asked I, "and what's it all about?"

"Who's this?" asked the new comer, in whom I recognised my friend of the morning. "Och! 'tis the gentleman from Misther Bourke's.

Come away, yer honour, this is no place for the likes of you. What did I tell you this mornin'?"

"Yes, but what's the row?" said I. "I don't understand."

"Tis the Land Layguers," he replied in a low voice, and pointing to my host. "He's broke the rules, and 'tis the ordher, I'm tould. They'll kill him to-night. There's no fear of the childher, they won't touch them. Do you come away wid me, yer honour; I'll see ye safe."

"Indeed I won't," said I. "They took me in when I was wet and hungry, and gave me food and shelter, and I won't desert them now at a pinch. Besides, look at my foot. I couldn't walk if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. Will you stay yourself and help to fight?"

"Is it me?" he said, turning pale. "Och, no, I darn't; and what could the likes of me do?"

"Will you go and warn the polis, then?" asked Mary, who seemed to be recovering her courage and her colour.

"No, I'd be afeard," he replied. "Sure, all the country would know 'twas me that sould the pass. Them polis wouldn't keep it saycret; there's no thrusting them."

"Dinny," cried Mary, turning to one of the boys, "you go."

"I will," said Dinny, jumping up and snatching his cap.

"How far is the police station?" I asked.

"Tis a matther of four Irish mile, and meself is afeard the polis is sent away wid false news to the wesht."

"Dinny," said Mary, whilst her cheeks were dyed with a bright blush, "call down first to Darby O'Connor's. Tell him that we're set, and to carry the car and the mare, and to dhrive like the divil afther the polis, and to bring them back wid him."

"Good!" said I; "you're a brave girl, and we're not dead yet;" and I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote on it an urgent message.

"Give this to the sergeant, Dinny,"  
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said I, "and tell him, when he comes within hearing of the house, to fire a shot, and to let a screech out of himself, and we'll hold out as long as we can."

"How soon will they be here, James?" asked Paddy.

"They won't be here before an hour, anyways, and maybe not till the latther ind of the night. They're comin' from the say. Murty O'Hea is the head of them, and there's seven or eight black (surly, determined) boys wid him, sthrangers from the islands I'm tould; but they're waitin' for some sinther (centre) from the County Limerick. Well, God help ye all this night! Come away, Dinny. I'll see ye safe as far as Darby's. God bless yer honour! Ye're a brave gntleman. I said to meself this mornin' that ye was the right sort." And they went out and shut the door.

"Now, Mary," said I, "come along; you and the girl. We must make the house as secure as we can. We have plenty of time, and we're not going to be killed like sheep."

First I turned out my game bag, and found, to my horror, that I had only seven cartridges left, and three of them were snipe shot, whilst the remainder were only No. 6. I had taken fewer than usual with me, not expecting much sport, and of these I had wasted too many in wild shooting. "Never mind," said I; "the greater reason for shooting straight now."

First I inspected the fortress. The dwelling-house consisted, as is usual in the houses of the peasantry, of two living-rooms only, separated by a partition, with the chimney at one side and a high gable at the other. The kitchen had two doors directly facing each other, and was lighted by a single window in the front. The bedroom was also lighted by one window, which looked to the rear; and communicating with the bedroom by a small door, and running at right angles to the rear of the dwelling-house, was a third room or

store-house, with a second door opening on the back yard. This room was now half full of potatoes and turnips.

The front door was as strong as I could desire, being made of solid oak (the spoil of some wreck), firmly bolted and bound with iron. The back door, however, was weak; both were fastened by ricketty locks and good stout wooden bars. I found that there was good store of suitable timber for barricading both doors and windows; the loft, which extended as usual from the fire-place to half-way across the living-room, being altogether floored with "treble deals," also from some wreck. These deals were not nailed, but were laid loose across the joists, each deal being about fifteen feet long by eighteen inches wide, and three inches thick. I also found some shorter pieces, which, placed against the door panels, served as backing; and having buttressed them firmly with rows of deals secured by wedges to others, which I laid flat upon the floor from wall to wall, and fastened with stout nails, or rather spikes, of which I found a goodly bag, I felt pretty sure that my doors could stand a siege, if the enemy were unprovided with a battering train. The windows I secured in a similar fashion with mattresses, leaving a loop-hole in each.

I then, with the assistance of the women and the eldest boy, made the store-room's outer door safe by piling up all the turnips and potatoes against it, thus making a most effectual barricade. By the time this was done I found that it was a quarter past eleven, and the boy had been gone just three-quarters of an hour. "He ought to be nearly at the police station now, Mary," said I.

"He ought so," said she, "if he tuk the horse. She can go, niver fear, and Darby won't spare her. Only if the polis was sent away afther a red herring, 'twill be a bad job."

"Well, maybe they've found out their mistake by this time. We can

hold out for an hour at any rate, unless they burn us."

"I don't think there's much fear of that," said the father. "The thatch is ould and rotten, and 'tis soaked wid the wather for the last week. I'm goin' to have it renewed wid two years. 'Tis looky now I didn't;" and he evidently hugged himself upon his foresight, and became a little more cheerful.

"Now," said I, "put out the fire, and put the candle behind the door in the room, so that 'twill just give us light to move about by, and no more. By the way, you haven't got a crow-bar, have you?"

"Why wouldn't we?" said Mary. "Here it is, and a bill-hook too, a good strong one."

"Oh, it's not to fight with that I want the crow-bar, but that bill-hook is a good weapon at a pinch. Put it behind the door, Mary. Is it sharp?"

"'Tis, sir. I put a great edge on it meself yestherday, in the way I'd cut down some furze wid it."

"Good," said I; "now bring the light," and going into the store-room, after a good deal of labour (for all the walls were over two feet thick) I knocked out two loop-holes, whereby I could command the back door. I only wished that I had a similar coign of vantage from which to enfilade the front; in which case, if we were fire-proof, as the old man thought, I might set the gang at defiance, or at any rate as long as my cartridges should last. Unfortunately the relative positions of the front door and window were such that any one standing close to the former could not be touched from the latter.

I left the maid-servant and the eldest child, a sharp boy of eleven, on guard at the loop-holes, and returned to the kitchen. The old man was crooning over the scattered embers; Mary was standing by his side, pale and quiet. We waited long. No sound broke the stillness, save the occasional smothered whine of one

of the dogs who was hunting in his dreams, and the old man's laboured breathing, broken sometimes by a stifled cough. Mary had sunk down upon the settle, and covered her face with her hands.

The servant girl stirred uneasily, and knocked down a heap of potatoes which rolled along the earthen floor. The shrill whistle of a red-shank, flying overhead, startled us for an instant. I looked through the loop-holed window; the sea lay calm and still in the moonlight, darkened towards the horizon by a light breeze, which was creeping in. The light was dim, for the air was full of vapour, but there was enough to shoot by.

"Mary," I heard the old man whisper, "ye'll bury me, agragal, in Kilcolman churchyard by the mother, and ye'll give me a decent funeral; and maybe when I'm dead thim that looked black on me of late will forget it and come to me wake. Yer mother had a great wake, and there was a power of people at her funeral, though maybe ye doesn't remember it; and me father aiqually so. God rest their souls this night!"

"Whisht, father, whisht!" replied Mary. "The tibbacky isn't sowed yet that will be smoked at yer wake."

"It's ten minutes past twelve now," said I; "surely the police at any rate ought to be showing up."

Just then the dog, which we had turned out of doors, began to growl. Then came a few short barks, as he jumped behind a hedge some thirty yards to the front, after which he was suddenly silent, and I heard some one saying, in a low and insinuating voice, "Taypot, poor Taypot! doesn't you know me?" followed by the sound of a dull stroke and a sharp yelp, which instantly ceased.

"Tell Judy to keep a sharp look-out, Mary," said I, "and don't you stop in front of the door."

"All right, sir," said she.

Then there was an interval of silence, lasting for at least ten

minutes; nothing stirred in front, and the tension of our nerves was becoming painful.

"What *can* they be waiting for?" said I.

"Maybe the whole of them isn't come yet," replied Mary.

"Well, the longer they wait the better. 'Twill give the police more time to come up. When they come, Mary, do you answer them; but don't speak for some minutes, just as if you were getting out of bed, and stand close to the wall."

"They'll thry the back dure first, sir; 'tis the wakest."

"So much the better. If they do, I'll mark one of them, at any rate, and maybe two. Oh, if I only had a bullet!"

Just then Judy rushed in. "They're coming to the back dure, sir!"

"How many?" I asked.

"Oh, a power of them. How can I tell how many? Isn't their faces black? Murty O'Hea is there for wan. I'd know the voice of him if his head was off his shoulders."

I lost no time in getting to my loop-hole in the store-room. The boy was squatted eager-eyed at the other. They were eight in all. Four were armed with guns, the others had only Clé-alpines (or black-thorn sticks). Brave fellows, they were not afraid even with such slight weapons to face a rheumatic old man! All their faces were blackened. As I got into position, a powerful, undersized, red-bearded savage, whom I recognised by the description given me as Mary's quondam lover, was in the act of knocking at the door. He knocked three times before there was any answer. All the others remained drawn up in line, with their backs to the wall, at the side farthest from the window.

At last I heard Mary ask, in a sleepy tone, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the reply, evidently in a disguised voice.

"Well, friend, what does ye want at this hour?"

"I wants to see the man of the house. I has a message for him."

"Well, keep it till the mornin'. I'm not goin' to open the dure at this hour of the night, and bad mimbres about too, as maybe ye knows. To the divil wid yerself and yer message!"

But though poor Mary spoke so bravely, I noted that her voice trembled. Then came a low curse in Irish.

"Come on, boys," cried the ruffian, "ye knows what we has to do. There's no use in waitin'."

Just then the moon shone out from behind a veil of mist. I levelled my gun, took a steady and careful aim at the fellow's eye, and pulled the trigger; but, as bad luck would have it, just at that instant he stooped to put his eye to the key-hole, and the shot glanced over him, but caught his next neighbour (who was a tall man) in the shoulder. He staggered and yelled but did not fall; and as the whole mob turned to fly, I let drive at the lot of them, peppering more than one, as the chorus of yells which followed the shot bore witness; but I apparently left their leader untouched, and before I could reload, they had all taken refuge behind a hedge some distance to the rear.

"Well done, yer honour!" cried the little boy in wild delight. "Begor, ye warmed them anyways. Did ye see that last fellow scratchin' himself as if bees was swarmin' about him?"

"Go back to your hole, you young scamp, and don't take your eye off it, or I'll warm *you*, where I warmed him. And you, Judy, come back too."

"Did ye kill *him*?" cried Mary, excitedly. "Oh, if ye only kilt *him*, I don't care what would happen to us."

"No, Mary, I'm afraid not. Better luck next time."

"Och! 'tis a pity," said she.

"They'll try the front door next," said I. "We must keep a sharp look-out." But we waited long. At last I said to my companion, "I think they've had enough."

"No fear," she replied. "If that

one is alive they'll be back." But we waited and waited, and though I thought I heard a confused murmur, still no one appeared. At last Judy came stealing in.

"I'm thinkin'," said she, "there's wan on the roof."

"Where?" asked I.

"The room."

I stole in gently, and after listening for a moment, I could distinctly hear some one above, fumbling as it seemed with the thatch.

"He's thryin' to set it a-fire," said Judy. "I think 'twill bate him. Ye might as well thry to light a wather-fall wid two matches."

"Well," said I, "'tis a pity to waste No. 6 at such close quarters," so I slipped in a cartridge of snipe shot, and putting the muzzle of the gun close to the sound, I fired. There was the noise of a body slipping down the steep roof, a heavy thud followed by a deep groan, and all was still.

"That's three cartridges gone, and two fellows disabled at any rate. Stand back!" I cried, as I saw a flash from the hedge in front, followed by a volley, which struck the front door, apparently without penetrating.

"That's good," said Mary, "bark away! Maybe ye'll wake the polis in time."

After this we had another and a longer respite, but we could hear a confused murmur of voices, apparently in altercation, from the direction of the haggard (hay-yard or hay-guard).

"I think they must have got more help," said the old man, who had regained his courage and was now to all appearances enjoying the fight.

"Keep a good look-out, Judy," I cried to our sentry.

"Never fear, yer honour. They're buzzin' like bees behind there."

"I think," said I, "they must have some one with them who has smelt powder before, or they would have had enough by this time."

"Most like," replied Mary. "Tim Healy, a Yankee Irishman that was in the war, wid two more sthrangers,

was seen at the cross-roads on Sunday."

"Here they come," said I. "What devilment are they up to now?"

I might well ask. They had got a cart and piled it with sheaves of oats, and lashed bundles of straw to the axle so as to protect their legs; and as the haggard was unfortunately on a higher level than the house, they had no difficulty in running this *testudo* down the road which led to the latter.

"'Tis the way they're goin' to burn us!" cried Mary.

"I don't think so," said I, as I saw them directing the engine straight for the window at which I was posted. "They want to block our loop-hole and then force the door. Oh, why didn't I make one in the door?"

"Ah! you've got that!" I added, as the cart-wheel swerved over a stone, exposing a fellow's legs, which I promptly dosed with shot, though at too long a range to do him much harm, although I made him yell.

"Ye hit him!" cried Mary. "Well done! Ye're a fine man at a pinch. God bless ye! What would we do widout ye this night?"

Here the cart came bang against our only loop-hole. "What will be their next move now?" I wondered; "this is becoming serious;" and like Wellington I prayed for morning, or the police. We were not kept long in doubt. Judy cried out from behind, "They're takin' round the laddher, a lot of them," and at the same time a voice was heard from behind the front door.

"Open the dure. Ye'd better. If ye forces us to dhrive it in, we'll kill every wan of ye, man, woman, and child."

"We will not," cried Mary gallantly. "I know ye, Murty O'Hea, and I'll live to see ye swing for this yet."

"Ah! ye knows me, does ye, Mary? So does Darby O'Connor too. I left me mark on him, and I'll lave it on you to-night. He may marry ye to-

morrow mornin' if he likes. I'll not hindher him, never fear."

At this horrid threat poor Mary fairly broke down. She threw herself on the ground and flung her arms round my knees. "Promise me, sir, promise me, that ye'll kill me before ye lets him touch me. You're a gentleman and you'll keep yer word."

"Nonsense, Mary," said I. "Never mind the ruffian. He'll never get in here while I'm alive."

"He will, he will. Well I knows him. Promise me quick that ye'll keep wan shot for me! Oh, man!" she cried, as I still hesitated, "had ye niver a mother?"

"All right, Mary, I promise."

"God bless ye," said she, getting up. "I don't care now, and maybe I'll lave me mark on some of them yet;" and she seized the bill-hook, and stood ready behind the door. The bill-hook was a handy and most efficient weapon, somewhat like the old Saxon bill, with a curved steel blade about eighteen inches long, rivetted to an ashen handle some three feet in length.

"Begor," said the old man, upon whose face the light of battle was stealing, and who now looked quite cheerful, "I'll have a stroke for me life too. We're not bate yet. 'Tis the heaviest showers that clears away the quickest," and seizing an old scythe blade, he hobbled over and planted himself against the wall.

"Well done, Paddy," said I. "Never say die."

Here we were interrupted by a tremendous blow on the front door, which shivered the lock and shook the fastenings, but failed to start the struts or backing with which I had braced it. They were using the ladder as a battering ram.

"At it again, boys!" cried the voice of the arch-ruffian, and the blows were repeated once and again with increased force, but still the backing stood fast. After a fourth blow however, a panel gave way between the props, leaving a hole of about one foot by ten inches; but the

supports above and below were as strong as ever. A shot was promptly fired through this hole which smashed some crockery on the dresser, but the assailants, no doubt recollecting that one shot could go out where another could come in, drew back for consultation, and did not care apparently to renew the attack. After a few minutes Judy rushed in, "Come quick, sir," cried she; "they're stalin' round wid the laddher, while you're watchin' the front. They knows the back dure is wake."

I was just in time. They were coming up with a rush, seven of them, bearing the ladder, and as soon as I got them nearly end on I fired, and evidently peppered more than one, judging from the chorus of yells which they set up as they dropped the ladder. I could have got a beautiful flying shot at the last man, but I had now only two cartridges left, and as one of them was promised to Mary, I desired to keep the other in reserve. Startled by a cry from her I rushed back into the kitchen, and saw her by the dim light, with her white teeth set, bringing down the bill-hook with the full swing of her nervous young arms upon a hand which had stolen in through the hole and was trying to undo the bar. The blow was followed by a fearful howl, and something dropped upon the floor.

"More power to ye, Mary!" cried the old man. "You done it well. Put in the other hand, ye spalpeen, till she'll thrim it for ye to match that wan. Here's the polis at last. 'Tis a'most time for thim," as a shot was heard a long way down the road, followed by a faint shout, and in about five minutes the rattling of car-wheels was heard up the stony ascent, whilst outside the house we could hear the rapid flight of hurrying feet as our assailants at last withdrew.

In a few minutes the police were at the door, led by a stalwart young peasant, who, as soon as we undid the fastenings, rushed in and threw his arms around Mary. "Ye're not hurt,

acushla!" said he. "The Lord be praised! I niver thought I'd see ye alive agin."

"Small thanks to you," said she, pushing him away. "Ye may thank this gentleman here that stood to us. I suppose 'tis the way ye was polishin' yer boots or ilin' yer hair, befor ye'd come to help us."

"No," replied he, "but the polis was sint away wandherin' as far as Ballinhassig Bridge, a matther of six mile, and we tuk the wrong road. We'd never be here only for the mare. She's kilt outside, the crature. She haven't a shake left in any hair of her tail: if she went on another mile she'd dhrop before she got half way."

"'Tis true for him, sir," said the sergeant. "We went on what we thought was sure information, and we wouldn't have come back only for your note. But we mustn't waste time. Which way did they go?"

"They came from the say," said Mary.

"Oh, thin they've gone back the same way. I saw a hooker standing in before dusk. Who warned you, sir?"

"Don't tell," whispered Mary eagerly. "The people would kill him."

"I don't know," said I. "He was a stranger to me."

"It's no use askin' any of ye, I suppose," said the sergeant, looking round at the stolid faces of his hearers. "Come on, boys, we're only wasting time. Will you come with us, sir?"

"No, I can't," said I. "I've hurt my foot."

"I'll come wid ye," said Darby. "I'd like to have a sthroke at the villain. What's this?" added he, picking up three bloody fingers and a portion of a hand off the floor.

"That's Mary's work," said I. "Only a gentleman's hand which he offered her and which she accepted."

"'Tis Murty O'Hea's finger," said Darby, dancing with delight. "I'd know that crook in it if it was biled, and the red hair."

"Aye, he left the mark of it on ye more than once," said Mary, spitefully.

"Oh, Mary, ye're a grand girl! There isn't the likes of ye undher the canopy. Ye gave him a resate for me, anyways."

"Come along, men," said the sergeant, "we have no time to lose. They have the start of us. Hallo! Here's a pool of blood, where somebody fell. Did ye warm many of them, sir?"

"About half a dozen, I think," said I; "but I had only small shot."

"This fellow got a good dose at any rate. We're bound to ketch *him*."

So away they went, but came back about day-break tired and crest-fallen. Whilst they were searching the bay in front, the gang escaped over the shoulder of the hill to another creek half a mile to the southward; and the police were only in time to see the hooker rounding the further point and running fast before a north-easterly breeze which had sprung up towards morning. The gang was apparently strong-handed, for they took away their wounded with them.

About three weeks after the night of the siege I was packing up my traps on the eve of my departure from Ireland, when a servant came in and told me that a person wanted to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Oh, she didn't tell me her name, but sure, what matter? She's the purtiest girl ever ye see. She's purty enough to frighten ye."

I went down stairs, and in the hall I found my friend Mary, blushing like a rose in June.

"I hear tell that ye were goin' away to-morrow, sir," she said, "and I was in a terrible fright I wouldn't have thim done in time, but I finished them to-day, glory be to God!"

"Finished what, Mary? If you

only did it as well as the last piece of work you had a hand in you made a good job of it, whatever it is."

"Och, no," said she smiling, "'tis the fut this time;" and she pulled out from under her cloak six pairs of beautiful black lamb's-wool stockings which she had made for me.

"Oh, thank you, Mary," said I. "It was really very kind of you to take so much trouble for me. I shall value them very much, and you may be sure that I'll never put them on without thinking of you."

"Throuble?" said she. "What's throuble? Where would I be to-day, only for you that night? I hear you're goin' a long journey, and I'll think of you when the nights is dark and the says is high. And oh, I pray to God Almighty," she added, falling on her knees, "that he'll carry ye safe, wheriver ye goes; and that the holy Jasus may put his shoulder to ye when ye are in danger, as ye did to us that night; and that he may open a gap for ye, and shlip ye inside the walls of heaven someways, when ye die. Amin."

"Thank you very much, Mary," said I. "I hope to hear good news of you and Darby, and if ever I come back you may be sure I won't be long in paying you a visit. Did you ever hear what became of that scoundrel Murty?"

"Yes, yer honour," said she lowering her voice. "I hear that he died of the lock-jaw a week after, but sure I couldn't help it, and the priest himself said I sarved him right. Ye kilt that other one dead yerself; and I hear another of 'em is run away to America; and a dale of 'em has the small-pox wid the small shot that ye scattered about 'em. Divil mend 'em! Well, good-bye to yer honour," holding out her hand whilst her bright eyes were dimmed with tears, "be sure we'll remimber ye and pray for ye—always."

## A TRANSLATOR OF SHAKESPEARE

MORE than half a century has passed away since Carlyle first reflected in England Goethe's vision of a world-literature—a literature not of this or that people, nation, and language, but of all peoples, nations, and languages; and on this, as on many other occasions, took the opportunity to commend the work of German over English translators. There can be no doubt but that the idea took far stronger hold of German than of English men of letters, and that the Germans have far outstripped us in the advance to its fulfilment. It is acknowledged that the German love for Shakespeare falls little short of our own, while Dickens and Scott are familiar names in German households, and Molière, Gozzi, and Goldoni, no less than Shakespeare, find constant welcome on the German stage. In England, however, the case is very different. It may of course be urged that if Germany can show such names as Goethe, Schiller, Schlegel, and Tieck among the ranks of her translators, we too can adduce Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Shelley, and Coleridge; and some may feel disposed, at the mention of Pope's name, to ask whether no less a person than Swift did not write and congratulate Pope, at the conclusion of his version of Homer, on having done with translations, and secured his freedom from the necessity of misemploying his genius, under which a "rascally world" had laid him. To this it can but be answered that Swift, himself the prime instigator of the rascally world to the exactions which he reproaches, did so write; and it must also be admitted that translations of Homer continue almost annually to be produced, and that the Odes of Horace and Goethe's 'Faust' are almost equal

favourites with English translators. But conceding this much, and also the fact that English versions of many foreign works, from the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus to the latest novel of M. Zola, appear and disappear in the course of each year, it still seems that permanently valuable reproductions of the masterpieces of foreign literature are remarkably scarce. Englishmen of ordinary education can generally name three or four translations of Homer, but not one of Molière.

The reasons for this difference between ourselves and the Germans are for others to show. Many Englishmen will doubtless plead that the existence of a national theatre gives a stimulus to German translators, which in England is unknown; many more will be led by insular prejudice to affirm that the Germans have more to gain than ourselves from foreign literature. But it is not proposed to discuss such questions here. It is, however, possible that a short account of the life of a German translator may not be without interest as throwing some light on the process whereby Germany contrives to make the world's literature her own. The name of this man is, we believe, quite unknown in England; and perhaps even in Germany, for reasons that will presently appear, hardly honoured according to his deserts. None the less, however, did he find at the hands of one whose name has reached England, Herr Gustav Freytag,<sup>1</sup> a brief but affectionate biography, from which the story here told has been, by permission, derived.

Wolf, Count Baudissin, then, was born on the 30th of January, 1789.

<sup>1</sup> 'Im Neuen Reich,' 8th and 15th January, 1880.

He came of one of the many families which had fought their way to distinction in the Thirty Years' War; the founder thereof having served in the Swedish, Danish and Saxon armies, and received as reward the estate of Rantzau, close to Kiel in Holstein. The grandfather of Count Wolf also was a major in the Saxon army, but being compelled, through no fault of his own, to quit that service for the Danish, abandoned the profession of war for diplomacy, and became Danish ambassador at the Court of Berlin, finally dying as governor of Copenhagen in 1815.

Wolf's father likewise entered the Danish diplomatic service, and being from this cause continually absent from home, his children, four sons and a daughter, of whom Wolf was the eldest, were left almost entirely to the care of their mother. Wolf was a lively, affectionate boy, with, from the first, an insatiable thirst for knowledge; indeed, when but six years old he wrote a piteous letter to his father, begging him to come home soon, as his mother knew so "dreadfully little." For all this, however, the boy was neither forward nor superficial; he was naturally shy, and this shyness was increased to a painful degree by physical weakness and defective eyesight. Hence, driven in some measure to isolation, he found his dearest companions in his books, and his unwearied industry enabled him to turn that isolation to good account. Further, his mother, even if she knew "dreadfully little," took care that her deficiencies should be supplemented by others; an enthusiastic scholar had charge of Wolf's classical education, and inspired him with a love of Greek and Latin which never perished. Then again, though German systems were followed and German sympathies carefully fostered in the training of the children, yet, according to the fashion of the time, French was the language alike of conversation and correspondence in the family circle—a fashion which, as will be seen, was many

years later not without advantage even to Germany.

Up to the year 1802 the family spent its life between Rantzau and Copenhagen, the former being the summer, the latter the winter residence. For Copenhagen was now substituted the embassy at Berlin—a change of the highest importance to Wolf. True, Berlin had as yet no university, but A. W. Schlegel was delivering his lectures on literature; Ifland had charge of the theatres, and the plays represented were those of Goethe and Schiller; further, in 1803, Fichte began his philosophical lectures, which, as well as those of Schlegel, Wolf constantly attended. He now devoted himself to the study of English, and completed, at the age of fifteen, a translation of 'King Lear,' which was read and approved by Schlegel himself, and even used by Both in his new version of the same play, wherein Wolf's share of the work was not the least successful. Meanwhile he was working, to his father's great satisfaction, at the office of the embassy, copying and even drafting despatches; and for his reward was taken by him from time to time among the great men then assembled at Berlin—Fichte, Schlegel, and even Schiller. Here also he made the acquaintance of Zelter, of no small value and delight to Wolf, who was passionately fond of music.

In 1805 Wolf went with his classical tutor to the University of Kiel, there to study jurisprudence preparatory to a diplomatic career; and in 1806 left Kiel for the University of Göttingen. The journey was a remarkable one. On the road the travellers first met the news of Jena, soon confirmed by the appearance of a herd of fugitives from the field, unarmed and demoralised. To the fugitives succeeded quickly a regiment of French cuirassiers, and the carriage was stopped till the column had passed. Still the travellers pushed on; the sympathies of the Baudissins were with Prussia, but Wolf cared little yet for politics, and

his only fear was lest the course of study at Göttingen should be interrupted by the invasion. This fear, however, was not realised, for Göttingen had a champion in Christian Gotlob Heyne, who, by skilful management and good fortune, contrived not only to save the University and the surrounding district, but even to reap active benefit for it from the war. So Göttingen shook her head gravely at the tumult without, and took no further notice. The lectures went on as usual; the students made long excursions on foot as usual; Wolf Baudissin worked with book and pen, if possible, harder than usual. Why not? Are not dons dons all the world over? and is not an university, be it Göttingen or Oxford, the very centre and *omphalos* of the universe?

"Si fractus illabatur orbis  
Impavidam ferient ruinae."

But very soon, Göttingen's placidity notwithstanding, Wolf Baudissin became uncomfortable and restless. What business had he studying quietly there with Europe seething round him, and what profit was he to his country or to any one? The thought preyed upon him, and he had at one time serious thoughts of enlisting as a private in a hussar regiment. The news of the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807 rallied these scattered notions of discontent, and concentrated them into ardent patriotism and intense hatred of England. He found vent for his restlessness in political excitement; concerned as yet only for the plight of his native Denmark, and feeling only as a Dane; but soon to feel as, in the widest sense, a German.

In 1808 he went to the University of Heidelberg for the summer, and returned, after a tour in Switzerland, to Göttingen, in the autumn of the same year. His attention was now given mainly to the study of jurisprudence, but he found time for his beloved music, and for a thorough mastery of Spanish, the fruit whereof was a translation of Don Quixote, made solely for

his own improvement. In the spring of 1809 he paid a visit to Jena, where he had the good fortune to become personally acquainted with Goethe. The latter appears to have treated Baudissin very kindly, and to have inspired him with an admiration even more than Teutonic. One remark Goethe made in speaking of the German nation, which his young visitor had good cause to remember many years later. "We have a noble pile of fuel," said he, "but we want a good grate to hold it all together." For sixty-two long years was this "grate" making, till its completion was proclaimed from the palace at Versailles.

In the autumn of 1809 Baudissin finally left Göttingen and entered the Danish diplomatic service. He was able to begin his new career among friends and relations; all the higher posts, both of the court and of the government, being then in the hands of the Schleswig-Holstein nobility. Indeed, it was something quite out of the common that the ministry of foreign affairs should be, as it was just at this time, in the hands of a Dane—Rosenkrantz. Baudissin was nominated secretary of legation at Stockholm, where a Count Dernath, his uncle, was ambassador, and arrived in that city in January, 1810. Those were troublous times for Sweden. Little more than a year had passed since Finland had been ceded to Russia; less than a year since a bloodless revolution had deposed King Gustavus and placed King Christian the Thirteenth on the throne; and now, only a few months after Baudissin's arrival, the Duke of Augustenburg, appointed heir to the childless King Christian, was seized with apoplexy while reviewing his regiment, and died in a few hours. Report spread among the people that their favourite had been poisoned; and Baudissin was one of those who saw a leading minister of state, suspected, as one of the obnoxious party of the nobles, to be the murderer, dragged from his coach

in the funeral procession, and torn to pieces by the mob. Intrigue after intrigue followed the death of the heir. The right of electing a new one was vested in the States of Sweden, but with France and Russia both deeply interested in the matter, it was clear that the Swedes would have little chance of exercising a free choice. The majority of the people favoured the election of the deceased prince's brother; the Danish ambassador worked with might and main to bring the crown of Sweden to Denmark; but a subtle French agent was also busy with misrepresentation and other tools of his trade. In a word, Marshal Bernadotte was elected; the French took the oyster, Swede and Dane took each a shell, and the Prince of Ponte Corvo became crown prince and practically regent.

Meanwhile, poor Baudissin was not happy. The frivolous society of Stockholm suited him but ill, his uncle's methods of proceeding little better; he was lonely and miserable, and but for his beloved books would soon have resigned his appointment. In time, indeed, he found congenial friends; but also, which was not so welcome, great cause for anxiety in the political projects of his government and the personal status of his uncle. This latter was not ill disposed to his nephew, and a man of more than average ability; but gifted with a fatal love of intrigue, and a still more fatal habit of undervaluing realities, and hearing and seeing those things only which tended to the furtherance of his own projects. He still schemed, notwithstanding Bernadotte's election, to win Sweden for Denmark, basing all his hopes of success on Napoleon, and feeling confident of the support of his own government. The result was an eloquent warning to young Baudissin against excessive diplomatic subtlety. By the autumn of 1811, Count Dernath's longer stay at Stockholm became impossible, and Baudissin was nominated *chargé d'affaires* in his place, remaining, as such, the diplomatic

representative of Denmark at Stockholm, until March, 1813. His position was not an easy one. On the one hand his own government, still in possession of Norway and the Duchies, had not relinquished the hope of becoming the great Scandinavian power, and, encouraged by Count Dernath, was strongly inclined to trust to Napoleon's invincibility. On the other, Sweden, equally with Russia and England, earnestly sought the alliance of Denmark, Bernadotte's ambition being the leadership of a Swedo-Danish army; while Russia went so far as to offer a bribe of German territory as Denmark's share in the spoil. It so happened also that Stockholm became the channel through which the powers of the Great Eastern Alliance sought the adherence of Denmark. The Russian ambassador chose to make his offers to Baudissin rather than through his emissary at Copenhagen; and Bernadotte said plainly that he distrusted his own agent at Copenhagen, and preferred to treat with the Danish government through the young *chargé d'affaires* at Stockholm. Thus, from the autumn of 1812, Swede and Russian bid against each other to gain the Danish Alliance; every offer being made in strictest confidence to Baudissin. A curious position this for a diplomat of but two years' standing and no more than twenty-three years of age, rendered perhaps more easy by the fact that in the main he agreed with those who were pressing him most closely. Already becoming more German than Danish he shrank from the project of Danish opposition to a real German rising, and, in direct contradiction to his uncle, expressed to his government his firm conviction that Denmark's real salvation lay in alliance with the powers of the East. It was possibly from a knowledge of his opinions that the Swedish and Russian agents alike determined to address themselves mainly to him; possibly also from a hope that one so young and inexperienced would be more easily man-

ageable. In this last hope, at any rate, they were deceived, for Baudissin, young as he was, possessed all the best qualities of a diplomatist. To unswerving probity he joined a simple straightforwardness which won him a confidence denied to more tortuous spirits; while a silent attention, innate perception of character, and an extraordinary memory enabled him to appraise that confidence at its true value. And it is sufficiently evident that his worth was duly appreciated even by those who held views diametrically opposed to his own; for the Danish government, heedless though it was of his recommendations, did not fail to compliment him on the manner in which he performed his duties. It was this infatuation at Copenhagen, however, which made his position so difficult and so anxious; and it was a day of relief and rejoicing to him when the news of the retreat from Moscow reached Stockholm. Moreover, as if to complete his satisfaction, there arrived about this time August Wilhelm Schlegel and Madame de Staël, both of whom admitted him to intimacy. Of the latter, indeed, he wrote home with hardly less enthusiasm than he had written of Goethe.

But this was not to last long. In March, 1813, the Danish ministry decided finally to rest the destiny of Denmark on Napoleon; and Baudissin at once destroyed the archives of the embassy and returned to Copenhagen. Here he was well received by his employers; the foreign minister commended him highly, and the king himself, after admitting that every one had the right to his own opinions, expressed great satisfaction with his despatches. This done, Baudissin retired to his relations in the country, not knowing how soon the correctness of his judgment was to be vindicated. No later than in May of the same year he received suddenly a secret message from the foreign minister to repair at once to Copenhagen. Arriving wearied by a long journey at express speed, he learnt from Rosen-

krantz that he was to start at once with Minister Kaas on an extraordinary mission to Dresden, there to conclude an alliance with the Emperor Napoleon. This order came upon him like a thunderclap. In vain he adduced every argument against his employment in the matter, and earnestly begged that the duty might be intrusted to another. The minister answered that it was the king's order; the matter was already settled, and the appointment made by his majesty for particular reasons. In despair Baudissin sought the king himself, and said straight out that his convictions unfitted him for so important a mission. The king's reply was short: "You must go, sir, and I wish you a pleasant journey." Not yet convinced, Baudissin turned to his father, who, as he knew, shared his own opinion as to the policy that should be pursued. But the old diplomatist had been trained in a school of strict discipline: "You have made your protest and can do no more. You must go."

So in another hour he started, crushed and tortured by the feeling that he was little else than a traitor to his country. A dull silent journey must that have been to Minister Kaas, with his young colleague fretting his heart out by his side—at every stage more rebellious against the duty thrust upon him, and more conscious that such rebellion, after yielding so far, had forfeited all claim to be deemed honourable. Nevertheless, the determination that go to Dresden he would not grow stronger on him, so strong at last that even stratagem seemed justifiable to give it effect, and insincerity a virtue when used to uphold a righteous cause. Arrived at Holstein, Baudissin obtained leave to go for one night to the house of his friend, Count Fritz Reventlow, promising to rejoin his chief the next morning. Count Fritz received him with open arms, and full compassion for his misery; and thus encouraged, Baudissin finally made up his mind to let Minister

Kaas perform his mission alone. But how was it to be done? for the Reventlows must not be implicated. All night long he pondered, and early in the morning sought a young doctor, one Franz Hegewisch, who, like himself, was on a visit to the Reventlows. "Would Herr Doctor," he asked, "be good enough to lay my arm on a couple of chairs and break it with a hammer?" Herr Doctor was, both politically and professionally, an enthusiast; he would break Herr Graf's arm for him in so good a cause with the greatest pleasure. "But stay," added the doctor, "before breaking an arm in a friend's house, should we not first ask his permission?" Certainly we should; so first to Count Fritz and then to business. But Count Fritz had very different advice for his friend. "Resign your appointment on this mission by all means, but do an honourable duty like an honourable man, not like a refractory conscript. Your duty is to write from here to the king that you cannot obey his orders against your own convictions; that therefore you repeat once more in writing the request you made by word of mouth, and are ready to take the consequences. Await the result here, and do not be afraid of getting me into trouble, for I shall be proud to suffer in such a cause." Such brave honest words fell gratefully on Baudissin's ears. He wrote forthwith to Minister Kaas and the king, and, with arm unbroken and mind unburdened, cheerfully awaited the answer. In due time it came, offering a choice of two alternatives: one year's confinement in the fortress of Friedrichsort as second class state prisoner, or a judicial inquiry into the matter. A confidential note from Rosenkrantz recommended the first, and the first was accordingly chosen. So now to Friedrichsort, having first obtained privilege of books, a piano, and two hours' daily exercise under custody of a sentry on the ramparts.

So Baudissin passed the summer of

the great year, his imprisonment lightened by work at a translation of Dante, by his beloved music, and by occasional visits not only of relations but even of sympathisers from among the people. Not for a moment was he shaken in the opinion for which he suffered, and he determined that, unless things at Copenhagen were altered at the expiration of his year of imprisonment, he would sever himself from Denmark and enter the German army. His whole heart was with the German rising, and conflict against Napoleon with sword or pen he held to be a sacred duty. He now stood on high ground; he had, it is true, sunk almost to the ridiculous, but he had risen again to the sublime: the opposition of king, official, chief, and father had almost made him a malingerer; the sympathy (in its most literal sense) of a friend raised him from that to a prisoner for conscience' sake.

By October, 1813, however, Copenhagen did change its opinions. Ten days after the battle of Leipsic arrived most opportunely the birthday of the queen, under cover of which redress of injustice was made to seem a favour, and Baudissin was set at liberty. Being pressed by his father he re-entered the diplomatic service, and was appointed secretary of legation at the head-quarters of the allies, with whom he entered Paris. Thence he went with his chief, Count Christian Bernsdorff, to the Congress of Vienna; but even the excitement of operations in the field, and the preparations for the Congress could not reconcile his dislike for the Danish service. His former misdeeds were apparently not forgotten in Copenhagen, and he longed not unnaturally for quiet life at home. He left the service for the second and last time, now completely in disgrace with Danish royalty.

In the autumn of 1814 he married his cousin, Countess Julia Bernsdorff, and shortly after he had brought his wife home his father died, leaving him the property of Rantzau. But

even in retirement his quarrel with the court was destined to be embittered, for now came the first rising of German opposition to Denmark. Political feeling was strong among the landed proprietors of Schleswig Holstein, and Baudissin took a leading part in their protests against the invasion of the laws of the Duchies, and the illegal exactions imposed by Denmark. But the time was not yet ripe: Danish reaction came, and the movement was suppressed and died away. So Baudissin, who had given up much of his time to political meetings and contributions to a new journal started by his party, now returned to his favourite work. He took Shakespeare in hand and translated 'Henry the Eighth,' the last of the historical plays that had been left untranslated by Schlegel. This, his first book, appeared in 1818.

About this time he carried out a project which had been a favourite with him, as with most Germans, since his university days, namely, a visit to Italy. His immediate object was the restoration of his wife's health, but other circumstances prolonged his stay beyond the time that he had intended. With his love for all that was beautiful in nature and art he could not be otherwise than happy there; and especially in Rome where a circle of distinguished men, Thorwaldsen among them, gladly received him. But the resentment of the court at Copenhagen was still alive, and in 1821 he received an anonymous warning that he had better not return home for the present. Certain letters, which he had written in the course of a friendly correspondence from Stockholm, had been seized, and for some reason, probably on account of their German proclivities, had given offence in high quarters. Again, two years later, on his leaving Rome, he received a letter from Rosenkrantz, whom he had sounded on the subject, that he had still better keep out of the way; the seized letters, though

free, as Baudissin knew, from indiscretion, were not yet forgotten. Nor was it until ten years later, on the accession of King Christian the Eighth, that his reconciliation with the court was effected. He was then invited to Copenhagen and asked to re-enter the Danish service—indeed, there was some talk of making him director of the museums; but it was then too late, for he had already fixed his home elsewhere.

Finding on his departure from Italy that, though not hindered from paying a short visit to Rantzau, permanent residence in Denmark was denied to him, he finally, after some wandering, decided to migrate to Dresden, whither he accordingly went with his wife in 1827. The old connection of his family with the Saxon service no doubt influenced his choice, and he had the satisfaction of finding that the royal family, true to its hereditary principles, was not unmindful of services rendered to its house in former generations. Nevertheless, it was no part of his plan to seek office anew, and he never appeared, except on formal occasions, at court, though in later years honoured by the friendship of two of the kings of Saxony. Far more important to himself, and not to himself only, was the friendship he contracted with the poet, Ludwig Tieck, which was destined to turn his talents to the task best suited for them—to the task of translation.

Tieck was at this time burdened with the weight of an unfulfilled obligation. August Wilhelm Schlegel had, between the years 1797 and 1801, translated sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, including the historical plays (with the exception of 'Richard the Third' and 'Henry the Eighth'), 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Hamlet,' and 'As You Like It.' To these he added 'Richard the Third' in 1810, and then declined to proceed with the work any further. The publishers had accordingly

to turn to Tieck, who had frequently been consulted by Schlegel, and was otherwise best qualified for the duty. But on taking over the task in 1824, Tieck was no longer in a position to carry out his engagement; not one single play did he translate; and his daughter, Dorothea, a woman of remarkable character, prepared, by earnest study of English, to help him through it. During the years 1825 and 1826, the plays translated by Schlegel were duly published, with occasional corrections by Tieck; but throughout the four succeeding years no further volume appeared, for the very sufficient reason that Tieck furnished no manuscript. So matters stood when Baudissin arrived in Dresden; and the advantage of willing help from one who had already proved his capacity by a translation of 'Henry the Eighth' was too great to be overlooked. Accordingly, in the summer of 1829, Baudissin took the work upon himself. First giving his attention to revising his former version of 'Henry the Eighth,' he was able, in 1830, to incorporate it with the last plays translated by Schlegel, and furnish another long-delayed volume. Then throwing all his strength into the work he succeeded in less than three years in completing the translation of twelve more plays: 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 'Othello,' 'King Lear,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Much Ado About Nothing,' 'Love's Labours Lost,' 'Titus Andronicus,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'All's Well that Ends Well'; whereof the first five were finished in the course of the single year 1831. Dorothea worked with him industriously, and to her are ascribed the remaining six plays: 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Timon,' 'Cymbeline,' and 'Macbeth.' How far she was aided by the others is a doubtful question, which nothing but an examination of her manuscript can solve. There are in Baudissin's

manuscript some different renderings of passages translated by her, and some pages where the lines are marked alternately with *D* and *I*, as though the two had amused themselves by such alternate work. One thing, however, is certain—that Dorothea relied in the course of her translation more on her fellow-labourer than on her father. She, like Baudissin, worked with extraordinary diligence, and zeal in the common cause knit a strong bond of friendship between them. Nevertheless, while honouring her energy and undoubted talent, Baudissin was sometimes not wholly satisfied either with the language or the rhythm of her translations.

So the great work was finally accomplished and published in a complete form, whereof Tieck, after a few words of thanks to his coadjutors, announced himself to be sole editor and finisher. The claim to this honour, so casually made, was never questioned by Baudissin, but has, nevertheless, not been allowed latterly to pass unchallenged. The copies made for the press were taken from Baudissin's manuscript, which include a mass of corrections in his hand. Further, it appears from his diary that he first finished his own translation, and then read it aloud to Tieck, who added notes to certain individual lines which, when intended to clear up the sense of obscure passages, were not always looked upon by the translator as improvements. Tieck's share in the business therefore, as Herr Freytag points out, can hardly be accounted more important than that of any literary friend to whose judgment such work might be submitted; and it would seem that the notes supplied by him were inserted mainly as proofs of his own industry. The same method of proceeding was adopted when a revision became necessary in 1839: Tieck gave an hour every day to the task, but Baudissin had prepared everything beforehand, and it was he who had the alterations

and improvements ready for Tieck's "yea" or "nay."

Nevertheless, Baudissin left all honour and fame arising from this great undertaking to Tieck, and made over his share of the profits to Dorothea. Tieck, observes Herr Freytag, was an amiable man, but not over scrupulous in literary matters, and his casual appropriation of another's labour was thoroughly characteristic. But Tieck's obligations to Baudissin were not ended yet. Over and above the plays usually ascribed to Shakespeare, he held that some ten more were from his hand. Of these he had already translated, and published in his 'Altenglisches Theater,' the following six: the older 'King John,' 'The Pinner of Wakefield,' the older 'King Lear,' 'Pericles' (now generally included), 'Loerine,' and 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton.' He now left the translation of the remaining four, namely, 'Edward the Third,' 'Oldecastle,' 'Cromwell,' and 'The London Prodigal,' to Baudissin; and in 1836 they appeared in a separate volume under the title 'Four Plays of Shakespeare, translated by Ludwig Tieck.'

In later years Baudissin suffered not a little from new translators and critics. Schlegel's literary fame forbade any depreciation of his share of the work, but it became the fashion to criticise Baudissin's pretty severely. No doubt both translations were susceptible of improvement, the more so as in the course of years a closer study of Shakespeare by experts, both English and German, has cleared away many of the difficulties which beset the earlier translators. But Baudissin laboured under exceptional difficulties. He worked against time to save the honour of Tieck, whose engagements he had undertaken to make good. Hence not only was the labour excessive, but the translations were swept into the press as fast as they were completed. Nevertheless, observes Herr Freytag, if Schlegel shows in certain respects greater command of language and vigour of expression,

his rival need not shrink from comparison with him in the happy reproduction of humour and epigram. Moreover, Baudissin frequently heard, with a quiet smile, laudatory comments on passages ascribed to others, but in reality his own work. Yet another trial awaited him concerning this translation. In 1867 a new and complete revision of the old version was made, and executed, it would seem, like our own revised version of the New Testament, in a somewhat narrow and pedantic spirit. Once again Baudissin's name as the coadjutor of Tieck was omitted, and some young translators had the hardihood calmly to publish his text, with alterations that were not always improvements, as their own. This Baudissin bore, as usual, in silence. Schlegel had protested against Tieck's alterations in his text, and insisted on the restoration of the original; but Baudissin, though he knew that this translation was the pride of his life, was content to leave the credit thereof, as from the first, to others; yet, while rejoicing in any real improvements, he could not but regret variations which altered without amending his own text. Tieck at least had the excuse that his friend from the first connived at the misappropriation of his labour; but others can plead no such defence.

It may be asked whether Baudissin's behaviour to Tieck was not generous to a fault. To this Herr Freytag is able to reply, that Baudissin actually felt himself greatly beholden to the man who thus, without acknowledgment, used his talents for his own advantage. It must be remembered that being no longer in the diplomatic service, and forbidden moreover by royal displeasure to attend to his duties as a landowner, he had now no employment for his indefatigable industry. We have seen how, even at Göttingen, the sense of unprofitableness weighed heavily on him; and that sense would naturally be much increased after the taste of activity and responsibility at Stockholm. He had

already occupied his leisure with translation for his own enjoyment, but till chance threw him with Tieck he had no idea that his genius could be turned, not only to the assistance of a friend, but also to the enjoyment of a nation; and, without a thought for his own aggrandisement, he hailed the prospect with delight. Even now, notwithstanding Herr Freytag's endeavour to secure justice for his friend, it would seem as if comparatively few, even in Germany, know or appreciate the share that Baudissin took in the translation of Shakespeare. Dr. Kluge, in his 'History of German National Literature,' does indeed set forth the fact that the nineteen plays which pass under Tieck's name were but revised by him, and really translated by Baudissin and Dorothea. But in truth, where lesser names are mingled with greater in a work of this kind, they must surely be absorbed and forgotten in them. Pope's Homer is a familiar word enough; but the names of Fenton and Broome, who translated twelve books of the 'Odyssey' for Pope, are forgotten. For this they have, perhaps, only themselves to thank, for, as Johnson remarks, readers of poetry have never been able to distinguish their work from Pope's; and the same perhaps holds good of Baudissin in relation to Tieck. But it is to be noticed that, whereas Tieck made no word of acknowledgment to his partner, Pope, on the other hand, took particular care to immortalise Broome in the 'Dunciad' (marking "very distinctly" in a note the payment made to him for his help), and Broome and Fenton alike in the oft-quoted letter on Fenton's death.

Shakespeare completed for others, Baudissin now began to work for himself. He had determined to translate for his own use all that were to be found of the works of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries; and a publisher having expressed his readiness to make the translation public, there appeared, this time in his own name, two volumes entitled 'Ben Jonson and

his School' (1836), containing the following plays: 'The Alchemist' and 'The Devil is an Ass' of Ben Jonson; 'The Spanish Curate' and 'The Elder Brother' of Fletcher; 'The Fatal Dowry' of Massinger and Field' and 'The Duke of Milan,' 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and 'The City Madam,' of Massinger. For this work he received for the first time money earned by his pen, which greatly delighted him. His skill is fully displayed therein, not only by the masterly way in which he has overcome the many difficulties of language and of obscure references to contemporary events, but also by the distinction which he has maintained between the style and language of the different poets. And his triumph was the greater, inasmuch as Schlegel had declared a translation of Ben Jonson and the dramatists of his school to be impracticable. But very shortly after, the death of his wife destroyed all pride and pleasure in his work, and for the next few years prevented any new undertaking. He sought relief in a long journey through Greece, and in 1840, having married again, he began his literary labours anew.

He had at various times made careful study of the language of the German poetry of the Middle Ages (*mittel hoch deutsch*), and in 1845 and 1848 he published translations into modern German of two old chivalric poems, the 'Iwein' of Hartmann von Aue, and the 'Wigalois' of Wirnt von Gravenberg. The peculiar difficulty of such a translation lies in the different signification attached to the same word in the two dialects, and this he was able successfully to conquer. Then the work was again interrupted by the tumults of the year 1848. Holstein rose against the Danish headship, and Baudissin, whom an anticipation of this struggle had severed from Denmark thirty years before, took up the cause with warmth. His brother Otto was one of the leaders of the armed revolt, and he himself could spare no time from political correspondence and journalism

for his beloved music and the more important work which was his chiefest delight. The times were full of anxiety for him, and called for great sacrifices; but none the less were they of true gain and advantage. Hitherto inclined to view every democratic movement with distrust, he read the lesson aright, and became henceforth a staunch and enlightened Liberal.

It was not until the year 1857 that he betook himself again to his translations, when he published his first and only work in prose, 'The Biographical Essays of Don Manuel Josef Quintana, rendered from the Spanish.' This done, after first translating Ponsard's 'L'Honneur et l'Argent,' in order to test his powers, he began in 1865 the translation of Molière. It was at first his intention to publish one volume only of selected plays, but even in his seventy-fifth year delight in the work carried him away, and by 1867 he was ready with his second great gift to the German theatre—a complete translation of Molière. Of this it is sufficient to say that it is the standard text of the German stage; but it is curious to note that some German critics have found fault with it on the ground that the iambic of the German drama is employed throughout instead of the alexandrines of the original. The result that would follow from the admission of the principle implied in this criticism may easily be seen; but the criticism is especially remarkable as coming from a people which has but comparatively recently freed itself from the bondage of French literary canons, and has not yet ceased to rejoice in its freedom. In any case there can be little doubt that the German actors are thankful for being spared the necessity of declaiming in a metre utterly unsuitable to the genius of the German language.

Molière thus happily completed, Baudissin went on next to the 'Proverbes Dramatiques' of Leclercq, publishing in 1875 two volumes—'Dramatische Sprichwörter' von Carmonel

und Th. Leclercq. From this he passed on with enthusiasm to the translation of three plays by François Coppée—an enthusiasm increased by personal knowledge of the French poet who had spent some time with him as his guest at Rantzau. Baudissin's last printed work was a single volume, 'Italienisches Theater,' containing translations of plays by Gozzi, Goldoni, Giraud, and del Testa. These had been his delight in youth, and now at the age of eighty-eight he was able not only still to enjoy them himself, but to give others a share in his enjoyment.

Thus the years passed away in quiet earnest work; the summers spent at Rantzau, the winters at Dresden. Nor did literary labours make him forgetful of his duties to his tenants in Holstein. Towards them and his other dependents his relation was almost patriarchal; and though in times of trouble and excitement (whereof so long a life could not but have its share) he did not escape experience of ingratitude, yet in the main his friendliness met with its due reward of thankfulness and love. Once, in a bad season, he refused to take from a farmer his full rent, but the latter would not hear of such a thing. "A bargain is a bargain," he said, and paid in full. Another farmer lost by fire a large barn, well stored, and, the fire being no fault of his, the loss (over one thousand pounds), which was only partially covered by insurance, fell on the landlord. One day this farmer came to Baudissin, and said, "This won't do, Herr Graf; perhaps the hay was a bit damp. I must pay my half of the loss, for I cannot rest till I do." Yet another tenant, on the renewal of his lease, made the suggestion (usually left to landlords) that, as times were improved, his rent should be raised; and one old peasant wrote to Dresden and begged the Herr Graf to come a little earlier than usual to Rantzau, as he was going to celebrate his golden wedding: Whereupon, needless to say, Baudissin

altered his plans on purpose to be present.

Such being the terms on which he lived with those inferior to him in station, it is not difficult to conceive the respect and affection which his friends in Dresden had for him. It was natural that a younger generation should be attracted to one who had lived among the giants of old time; who had listened to Schiller and Goethe, and been the friend of August Schlegel and Madame de Stäel; who had met the fugitives from Jena, and lived to see the triumph of Sedan; who had entered Paris with the allies in 1814, and hailed the news of the German entry in 1871; who when first he set out for Dresden, knew it as the head-quarters of the first Napoleon, and saw it at last, after Königgrätz and Sedan, the capital of a province in a united German Empire. Yet there was greater attraction than this in the extraordinary amiability and modesty of the man. Highly cultivated, gifted with keen perception of artistic and scientific excellence, he could be appreciative without being patronising; and though he shrank from all that was base and wrong, he had the widest sympathy for human failing and human misfortune. He was not one of those who thought that each generation was inferior to that which preceded it; but at the age of seventy or eighty years, his mind unfettered and unexhausted by the thought and action of an earlier time, he watched the creation and development of new

things with as lively an interest as at twenty. His conversion to Liberalism in politics has already been noticed, and in respect of art and literature his feelings were the same. No one more readily recognised the merit of rising young poets or painters, with whom he sympathised, as one of their own age, in the struggle for success; and this without losing one jot of his love for the masterpieces of the past. He could wander through the Dresden Gallery for the hundredth time with ever-increasing delight, and in the very last year of his life a quartette of Mozart's exercised the same entrancing influence as of old.

So this gentle life, so stormily begun, drew peacefully to its close. Almost to the last his health, his faculties, his capacity for enjoyment, his power of work, nay, his very handwriting, remained unshaken and unchanged. Even at the last, the growing infirmities of age could not impair his cheerfulness and amenity. Only a few weeks before his death, his eyesight beginning to fail, he sought for one well acquainted with French and English through whose help he might continue the work in which he delighted; but a choice was hardly made when his work was closed for ever by death.

He died on the fourth of April, 1878, leaving a name which will ever hold an honourable place among the greatest of those who have laboured to bring home the poetry of foreign nations to the great German people.

CHURCH AUTHORITY: ITS MEANING AND VALUE.<sup>1</sup>

LET us try and clear the ground a little. We will therefore first ask: "The authority of the Church on what subjects?"

Setting aside exploded ideas, such as the authority of the Church to enforce discipline or moral laws on the world, these subjects may be divided, as a first approximation, into three classes.

There may (or may not) be an authority which deals with (1) disputed questions relating to the history of the Bible and of Christianity: for instance, the criticism and historical veracity of the Bible; the history of the canon; the study of the remains of Christian antiquity; in a word, the nature of the materials for the history of our religion.

(2) Disputed questions relating to what we may call the more or less formulated doctrines of Christianity, inferred from, rather than explicitly stated in, the Bible.

(3) All that relates to Church government and discipline, and ritual and finance.

We will briefly refer to these divisions as *criticism*, *theology*, *business*. It is plain that these subjects are so different that it is mere confusion of thought to class them together.

Next, "What do we mean by authority?" Here there is an obvious ambiguity.

There is (1) the preponderant weight we assign to the learning and judgment of men whose veracity and impartiality we trust. We speak of the authority of a scholar like Lightfoot. It is not, however, an authority in the sense that it demands obedi-

ence; it only demands respect and consideration.

There is (2) another sort of authority. There are men with an unrivalled genius for holiness; men refined by prayer and unflinching devotion to duty, and therefore gifted with a singular delicacy of touch and insight, with a true inspiration of God's Holy Spirit. We feel in them our best selves: we feel that they are nearer to God than we are: their words have an authority. Still, this is not an authority which commands obedience: it silently appeals for respect and love. It is compatible with error.

There is (3) yet another authority which does command obedience, which has the power of enforcing itself. The Church, acting through its defined powers, has authority. The Bishop may suspend for defined offences in virtue of his "authority."

Once more, these kinds of authority are so different that they can only be taken together by confusion of thought.

Let us call them the authority of *learning*, of *holiness*, and of *law*.

Happily, it is not necessary to define what we mean by the Church for the purposes of the present essay. One meaning we can point out in passing. The Church of England, "as by law established," has unquestioned authority in certain matters of discipline and ritual. The disciplinary functions of Church Courts and Bishops are not wholly suspended. The Church has the authority of *law* in matters of *discipline*.

So far is easy. The more difficult question is, "Has the Church, whatever the Church is, an authority of

<sup>1</sup> A paper read at a clerical meeting in Bristol, July 6, 1885, as a basis for discussion.

learning to decide matters of criticism ; or of holiness and inspiration to pronounce authoritatively in matters of doctrine or of conduct ? ”

Do not let us confuse these two—the authorities of *learning in criticism*, and of *holiness or inspiration in theology or conduct*.

There are many questions before the world which are purely matters of learning. When was the Book of Deuteronomy written ? By what route did Israel come out of Egypt ? What is the origin of the Gospels ? What was the relation of the agape and the Eucharist ? What is the value of Codex B ? These, and an infinite number of such questions, are questions of learning and criticism ; they are questions as to matters of fact ; they are not questions of religion or conduct.

Now, the question is an intelligible one, and admits of a positive answer : “ Has the Church, in any sense of the word, authority to decide these questions ? Is it possible that matters of fact can be decided by authority ? ” Now, it is a matter of fact, one way or the other, whether, for example, the Masoretic text of Samuel is as old as the LXX. ; whether an axehead ever floated on water ; and whether St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. Could any past consensus of opinion on these points decide them ? Might it not have been wrong ? These are as much matters of fact as whether the earth is round or flat. Let us never forget that there was a time when it was pronounced to be “ a shame in a Christian man even so much as to mention the antipodes.” St. Ambrose and St. Basil were, I believe, exceptions among the fathers in the liberality of their views on this point. They were brave enough to defy public opinion, and to declare that a correct belief in the antipodes was not necessary to salvation. Men made the mistake then, which confused thinkers make now, of asserting on *authority* about *matters of fact*.

The Copernican theory, the Darwinian theory, the Straussian theory, most of our disputed questions, are questions as to matters of fact. Now, the result of the last four hundred years of growth of the human mind is that we now at last know that matters of fact are not decided by authority. They are settled by evidence, and by reason. Can this be seriously disputed ? The scientific mind is unable to conceive how a question as to a matter of fact can be settled by authority.

The Church, therefore, has no authority to decide questions of learning and criticism, or matters of fact.

Now remains the other less explored region into which we must penetrate. What do we mean by saying that “ the Church hath authority in controversies of faith ” ? Here we seem to be on solid ground, for this is one of the Thirty-nine Articles.

No doubt most of my hearers know the history of these famous words, as given by Bishop Browne. I suppose we owe them to no less profound a theologian than Queen Elizabeth herself. She is said to have refused to sign the articles as drafted and signed by the two Houses of Convocation until these words were added. Convocation seems to have submitted to her will, and accepted the authority for the Church. Some may think it is a slightly Erastian origin for the power claimed ; others may think it defines those powers. But we will not look a gift-horse in the mouth.

The words, however, are not free from ambiguities. There is not only the plain difference between the *fides qua creditur* and the *fides qua creditur* ; but even when we agree that it is the first of these that is intended, an ambiguity remains.

The words may mean, “ There is a perennial association of men, in legitimate possession of the property bequeathed to the Church, charged with the duty of teaching and preaching God’s Word, and of administering the Sacraments and other Christian rites.

This association has, under certain limitations, the power of deciding from time to time on the qualifications for membership. These qualifications consist in the profession of certain beliefs, and the conformity to certain customs. This association or Church can define those beliefs and prescribe those customs subject to the limitation that nothing shall be contrary to God's Word written."

This is one meaning. The Church can declare, not that this or that is true, but that to believe this or that, to act thus or thus, is the condition of membership, and of enjoying the emoluments and immunities it brings, or professes to bring.

We will call this authority *declaratory of the terms of membership*. The Church has this authority.

Now this is probably what Elizabeth meant, and what Convocation accepted, if they did accept this clause; but it is not the sense in which we ordinarily now quote the words. We think of a Church older than the Thirty-nine Articles; and we mean by its authority a power resident somewhere, not to declare conditions of membership, but to ascertain and declare theological truth. This is a totally different thing.

The real question then at last is this. We believe—I suppose we all believe—that there is disseminated among all individuals, and all branches of the Church of Christ, some illumination in spiritual truth, as the result of the influence on us of the Holy Spirit. At any rate, this is my firm conviction. I have no belief more fundamental than that God guides the reason and spirit of His faithful servants.

Does there, then, exist—did there ever exist—any means for so focussing this illumination as to produce a perfect light? If any method existed for collecting, if I may use the expression, the sparks of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all Christians, till they combined into a perfect and heavenly

flame; any celestial chemistry which should separate the fragments of the divine in us from the masses of the earthly, the result would be an "authority" for ascertaining and declaring spiritual truth.

The ages have made several answers to this question. They have frequently said that Ecumenical Councils were such a focussing, such a chemistry. They have said that it was possible once before the great schism, but is impossible now.

If any one thinks that it was possible once, and is impossible now, let him read Church History in some detail; let him read the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon.

The truth is, that such a process is impossible. There exists no such method of focussing, no such celestial chemistry. We cannot separate the human from the divine in man.

It is the old fallacy. On *a priori* grounds, men think that God must govern the world and the Church as they themselves would govern it, by giving them an infallible Pope, a verbally inspired Bible, an unerring voice of the Church. We had better study what is, instead of deciding what must and ought to be. There *are* spots on the sun, though it was declared to be impossible there should be: the earth *is* round: the earth *does* move. When a man argues that so and so must be the case—that it stands to reason it must be the case—it always means that he averts his eyes from facts. He prefers to tell us what he thinks God ought to do. I prefer patiently to try and find out what God has done and is doing. This is the method of science, and is adopted by those who desire, above all things, to see things as they are. I think it is the reverent method.

But perhaps some one will say, there *is* an authority; but it resides not in Pope, nor Councils, nor letter of the Bible: it resides in the consensus of Catholic antiquity; and he will quote the Vincentian rule. This is equally

illusory, and specially so if applied only to the past. I do not deny, as will be seen presently, the enormous moral weight of widespread and long-lasting agreement, but that such moral weight is *ejusdem generis* with a final authority from which there is no appeal, this I deny. Not only did no such consensus ever exist; not only, if it did exist, would it fail to indicate more than the opinion that prevailed at the time; not only would all sorts of errors and crimes find in the Vincentian rule a strong support; but it is fundamentally opposed to the charter of the Church. That charter is, that the Church is alive, a living body with Christ as its head, and subject to the laws of life and growth. The Vincentian rule, if limited to the past, unintentionally strangles that life. It says, You shall not be led into all truth; you shall not advance beyond such and such a century. Now, to one who, like myself, believes that the Holy Spirit is training and guiding and shining on the whole Church of Christ, that the whole world of man is growing and shall grow to the stature of the fulness of Christ, that the very best of us has but imperfectly grasped the meaning of Christ's words and life, and that the Spirit of God will make that life and those words better understood—to one who holds this faith, any such notions as that growth is to be strangled by an imaginary consensus of the past, the living heart stopped by the dead hand, are monstrous, and a falsehood to be repudiated with all his might.

But a belief widely held always has some truth in it. What is the truth in this?

The truth is that there exists a diffused and daily growing illumination in a Christian society; on the whole, the verdict of a Christian community is not far wrong—what they bind or loose on earth, is bound or loosed in heaven.

These verdicts are not only on questions of right and wrong. On these

the Christian conscience, give it time enough, will pronounce right. It has pronounced against impurity, against slavery, against religious persecution; it is slowly making up its mind on other subjects. There is a slowly working divine chemistry which finally crystallises out the truth.

But even on questions of criticism and doctrine, within certain limits, *securus judicat orbis*. The formation of the Canon—that is, the selection from the fragments of early Christian writings of such as should be deemed Canonical—was such a popular judgment. The *vox populi* sifted the literature; the *vox concilii* did but confirm the verdict of the people. The real authority was the diffused voice of Christian men. Our Prayer Book is similarly the result of the verdict of a later Christendom: it is the concentrated essence of the devotion and the inspiration of fifteen Christian centuries.

The moral authority of an approximate consensus in the past is a real and great thing: it resides in the fact of some opinion having prevailed in the struggle. It was the fittest for the human mind then; it does not follow that it is the fittest now. The heterodoxy of one age sometimes becomes the orthodoxy of another. It may have been but the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. But the proved fitness of any opinion in the past, or in another level of thought in the present, will make us hesitate long before we abandon it, still longer before we denounce it. We can only abandon it for a wider application of the Vincentian rule, when, as in the phrase *sine dubio in aeternum peribunt*, it conflicts with the moral sense of Christendom. We can only denounce it when it poisons as well as weakens spiritual life.

I can now briefly sum up:

*Authority*, in the sense of *power to transact business*, is possessed by every Church.

*Authority*, in the sense of *declaring the tenets and other conditions of*

membership, is possessed by every Church.

*Authority to decide questions of learning or of fact* in the past, there is none anywhere; and further it may be added that such matters of fact and of learning are not and cannot be religion, though for a time men may think they are.

*Authority to ascertain dogma*—that is, to give a divinely inspired and final decision on a speculative question, not as a condition of membership, but as an absolute truth—there is none, and has been none. The diffused illumination of the Christian world cannot be so focussed. The growth of pious thought cannot be anticipated. But there is a power resident in the Christian world

as a whole to decide right at last. Misconceptions of God do not last for ever.

*Authority on questions of right and wrong*—absolute there is none, approximate there is, in the growing consensus of the total Christian society, and especially of those who have the gift of holiness and the graces of the Spirit. This absolutely adds to the known ethical and spiritual truths of the world.

Such seem to me to be the facts. Thus God sees fit to educate His Church. It is vain to wish it were otherwise, to dream that it is otherwise. We must look at the facts.

J. M. WILSON.

## A WALK IN THE FAROES.

"ME not much Engelsk. Money this, and grub this. Other thing, so!"

I had engaged a man to guide me over the hills to the old seat of ecclesiastical rule in the Faroe Islands, and the above speech was in answer to my inquiry about his linguistic capacity. He was a little man with much eyebrow, a short beard that curled in the front as decidedly as a fish-hook, and a nose somewhat suspiciously rubicund. On the strength of his engagement by "the Englishman" as walking companion for a certain number of hours, he had assumed a dignity of manner that made him look ridiculously conceited, and had, moreover, put on his best clothes, and washed himself at an unusual hour of the day. They had told me that his English was quite phenomenally good, and that I should be as much at home with him as with my own brother. But, for the former, I found he had little more vocabulary than the words above-mentioned, which he pronounced diabolically: while, for the rest, I felt not very fraternally towards him at first sight. He illustrated his utterance by producing a five-øre copper coin; by opening his mouth and pointing down his throat with one of his thumbs; and by jerking his head like one habituated to dram-drinking. Still, I had no right to think evil of my friend, Olaus Jackson, merely because he seemed to have bibulous propensities; and, without more delay than was exacted by the need to take a ceremonious farewell of some Thorshavn acquaintance who thought my projected walk only another proof that all Englishmen were conundrums, Olaus and I set forth, he leading, with his head very high, and holding his alpenstock as gracefully as if he had been born a beadle instead of a Faroe man.

A word about my man's dress, which was the characteristic Faroe costume. On his head (to begin at the top) he wore a red and black striped turban, about a foot in height, which fell to his left ear. His body was swathed in a copious brown woollen tunic, too large for him, yet padded with underclothing so as to make him look almost formidably robust. Faroe pantaloons of blue cloth covered his legs to the knees, where they were attached by four or five gay gilt buttons. His calves were shown in all their symmetry by the brown hose which ended in his moccasins of untanned cowskin tied round the ankles by strings of white wool. Lastly, to protect his precious throat, Olaus wore a woollen scarf of red, green and blue, which, having circumvented that part of him an indefinite number of times, stuffed the rest of its long length within his tunic, where it helped to swell the magnitude of his chest.

Truly, he was a majestic object compared with those others of his compatriots who, not being so fortunate as to know English, had no chance of such an engagement as his, and were therefore compelled to crawl along the rugged track out of the town, in their dirtiest rags, bent double by the loads of peat upon their backs. But Olaus was too wise in his generation to risk conversation with me in the presence of his neighbours; he strutted ahead, and quickened his pace whenever I came within six feet of him.

Thus we proceeded through Thorshavn, an attraction for all eyes. As we climbed the rude rock stairs, stained black with the ooze of much drainage matter, little children with bronzed cheeks, flaxen hair and Saxon blue eyes clasped each other's hands, and stood aside on the tips of

their wooden sabots, while they whispered among themselves "*Engelsk-mand!*" Housewives threw their brooms into a corner, or left the rolls of *tygbrød* to grill by themselves, and flew to the window or door to see us pass; the word had gone along the street that we were coming half a minute ago. One old crone, whose ninety years were opposed to hurry, but not to the curious instincts of her nature, had herself supported to the glass, behind which her yellow face, with its sunken black eyes, gleamed at me like something spectral, not human. Artisans, straddled across the skeleton beams of a house half built, stopped their hammering and stared, until I was near enough for a display of courtesy; then off came their caps, and a civil "*God dag*" whispered from the roof. Ladies, clattering down to the stream, laden to their noses with clothes for the wash, dropped their burdens to the ground and sat upon them, that they might see us at their ease, and, with the freedom of their sex, commented glibly on my peculiarities, and audibly. School-boys conning their lessons as they trotted to the royal school, shut their books and gaped, until we had passed, when they shouted. In brief, we had the honour of causing a five-minutes' ferment of excitement in those parts of Thorshavn which we traversed. No English gentleman had visited the place for a couple of years, and I was a recent arrival. Conspicuousness is odious to a man of sensibility and sense; I was therefore delighted when the last "*God dag*" was exchanged, the last house of the town was left behind, and there was nothing more animate in front than Olaus and the brown mountain tops, their sides strewn chaotically with countless white boulders, among which the white sheep browsed almost unperceived. As for Olaus, no sooner were we out of the town than he seemed to shrink; and in a little while he had sobered his pace until he was abreast with me. Then, with a squint of hu-

mility, as if in apology for his late exhibition of pride, he informed me, in an irregular mosaic of three languages, that he was not very well, but that he hoped to get something to eat at the conclusion of our walk.

The weather at the outset was not bad for Faroe. There was cloud on the hills, but the blue spaces aloft, and their blue counterparts on the sea to our left, were augury of good. Naalsoe Island, four miles away, lying straight some seven or eight miles, and rising to a peak of twelve or thirteen hundred feet, was clearly defined, and the white church of its one town shone like a snowball in the distance. The sea too was quiet, though breathed over by a north-easterly wind just strong enough to admonish the clouds on the hills that they had better go up higher. But, ere we had walked a mile along the road, which runs out from the town perhaps twice as far, a sudden change came about. The wind shifted to the rainy quarter, to the south-west. In ten minutes Naalsoe disappeared from sight. The fog on the hills descended and surrounded us. And Olaus and I were soon treading dismally over wet bogs, through the soaked and soaking heather, and rained on by the clouds into whose very hearts we were methodically attempting to climb. Nowhere is weather more fickle than in the Faroes. And it is not every one who can console himself, in the midst of a Faroe fog, with the reflection that it is a salubrious if unwelcome visitation.

Not a soul lives between Thorshavn and Kirkeboe, though the distance is some six English miles. In the first place it is an inland route, and there is no inland habitation throughout the Faroes. All the people are born, as it were, face to face with the sea. And the nature of the country, sown as it is almost everywhere with innumerable boulders, offers little inducement to farmers. If the sheep and small horses, which are turned loose hereabouts to take care of themselves, can find herbage enough to sustain them,

this is as much as can be expected from the interior. While, secondly, our track was mountainous from beginning to end. From one terrace of shingle and hard rock—the uniformity of which was broken by occasional tufts of vivid green, whence clear spring water gushed towards the valleys—we passed to another similar terrace, and thence across miniature desert plateaux of inexpressible bleakness and aridity; until we had gone from the east of the island to the west, and could see, far down, when the fog lifted, the dull, lead-coloured sea between Stromo and the islets of Hestoe and Kolter. A little later, and the black rocks of these isles were visible; their bases rose straight from the water, but their summits, hidden in the clouds, were as high as the imagination pleased to make them.

It was an all but soundless walk. True, Olaus, thanks to his cold, was frequently obliged to clear his throat, and he made plenty of noise in the exertion. But the echoes of his efforts, exaggerated and banded from rock to rock, soon died away, and left the stillness yet more still. Now and again an oyster-catcher would rise with a scream, and his scarlet and white plumage flash brightly through the dim atmosphere about us. But no other birds were about that day. The fog seemed to have sent all living things to sleep, save only Olaus and myself. Yet, though the air was about half as thick as that of London in November, there was a subtle element of exhilaration about it which made the walk quite enjoyable and enlivening. I chanced to have my small five-chambered revolver with me—a most useless weapon in Faroe by the by, where murder is an unknown term. This I was tempted suddenly to fire, after a rather long spell of complete silence. The next moment Olaus was by my side, clutching at the thing, and peering open-mouthed down its barrel, careless of the fact that one of his fingers in his excitement was pressing the trigger of the yet loaded pistol; and it was only after much trouble

that I persuaded him to let me put him out of reach of danger.

“Had I brought it to shoot him with?” Olaus inquired, in heated Danish, his red nose fiery with perturbation and anxiety. And I could only soothe him into complete tranquillity by surrendering the revolver to him and bidding him use it himself at anything he pleased, except myself. But henceforward, until we were close to the green patch of cultivated ground between the perpendicular rocks of the mainland and the sea itself, which represented the old church town of Kirkeboe, I was questioned about “the little gun,” whose fellow he had never yet seen; its cost, its maker, the number of men I had killed with it, the degree of its fatality, my object in bringing it to Faroe, &c. The report seemed to have a most stimulating effect upon the man’s intellect, for, in quaint enough Danish, he began to tell a tale about the only man of his acquaintance who had ever meditated a deed of violence.

“There was one man, and he was one very angry man, and he get in a passion one day and swear he kill somebody. He go to his home, and first thing he see is his woman at the quern—she a meek thing with no spirit; and he run at her, and without one word he knock her down flat, and she lie without moving, her nose upstanding to the roof. Then this one man shocked with himself, to think how near he was to being a slayer of his wife. No man has yet killed his wife in Faroe, and he so near being the first! And all his anger go out of him like the wind from a bladder when you untie the string. And he bethink himself how to keep himself from being so wicked. He run to the cupboard and pour brandy down his woman’s throat. And then when, after a time, she breathe freely and open an eye, this one man run off, and down to the rocks, and throw himself, all in one instant, into the sea, where he drown. He not kill his woman after that.”

Master Olaus’ tale may stand on the

merits of its moral; for its truth I do not vouch.

From the higher rocks, still wrapped in dark fog, we could see Kirkeboe below in the bright sunshine. It was like looking at a pretty face from under the photographer's cloth. Soon we reached the first parallelogram of rye within the parish. Then a dog began to bark from a neighbouring strip of grass meadow. A second dog, nearer the knot of buildings, took up the cry. One man, cutting grass with a short-bladed scythe, looked up from his work, saw us, whistled to another man similarly engaged, who, taking the signal, waved his hand towards the farm, and having secured attention and done his work, crossed his legs and scrutinised us. The first man, in the meantime, striding like a giant, had come alongside Olaus and me, and opened a rapid conversation with the former, of which I was the object and illustration, judging from his stare and Olaus' gestures.

"What is it all about?" I asked Olaus, at length. They had been talking Faroese, which is a spoken, not a written, language, and therefore a sad stumbling-block for foreigners.

"He have never seen an Englishman before; he is an ignorant fellow," said Olaus, at first beginning in a tone quite loud enough for the other to hear, but ending in a whisper. Not that the Kirkeboe man seemed likely to resent depreciatory reference to him. He was in the throes of an excited desire to understand the composition of an Englishman, now that Providence had put such a creature in his way. Having examined the texture of my clothes, and shaken his head over the quality of my Scotch tweeds, he fell on his knees in a fervour, and, ejaculating tremulously, "Me—shoemaker!" seized one of my feet, and began pinching and thumbing the leather of my boot. Here, at any rate, was something that he approved; for, having done with my foot, and set it tenderly upon the ground again, he

raised towards me a face full of depression, and shook his head mournfully, while he murmured, "Brilliant!"

It was the homage of an artist towards his ideal. What were untanned cowskin moccasins, tied round the ankle with common strings, in comparison with the elegant thick-soled production of a scientific bootmaker? And we left this man still gazing at my feet as they receded from him.

The cultivated part of Kirkeboe is like all the other cultivated parts in the Faroe Isles. From the sea it would be a green patch, or patch of patches, on the hem of the grey or purple swelling mass of land—green in summer that is; for later, when the hay is stacked and the grain carried, the tiny fields take a golden colour which almost dazzles the eyes in the bright sunshine. The land is cut up into numerous sections by the shallow ditches necessary to carry off the heavy rains which pour down from the high overshadowing rocks. A Norfolk farmer would laugh a Faroe man's husbandry to scorn. So poor is the soil, so rude the implements, so uncertain the weather! And so trifling the results! He would ask wherein lay the use of cutting a field of rye some fifteen yards by five, the heads of irregular height and separated from each other by inches. And, indeed, if time were as valuable in Faroe as in England, there would be reason in his inquiry. But when Olaus and I traversed the parish, its grass, full of flowers and knee deep, was uncut; and thanks to the mountain mist and the warm sun which now seemed to shine from under the mist, as strong and sweet of perfume as any English meadow in June. Kine were tethered here and there, and peered at us with mild questioning eyes. A milk girl, with one pail of milk slung on her back, one on each of her arms, and knitting withal as she went swinging and singing down to the farm, gave us cheerful greeting. The sea, placid silver to the horizon,

or until obscured by the frowning rocks of Sandoe and Hestoe, just broke into white foam against the gnarled and iron strand of the village.

Close to the white church and the beach is the one ecclesiastical ruin in Faroe. It stands picturesquely with its four chief walls uncovered to the sky, grass within them and grass without, and its large pointed east window filled with a near panorama of black perpendicular cliffs with grassy edges of velvety green inaccessible even for the nimble Faroe sheep. Centuries ago, before Protestantism trod the life out of architecture, here at Kirkeboe was a bishop's residence and a school for priests. But with the Reformation the importance of the place ended. A Protestant bishop was appointed to Kirkeboe, it is true; but certain of the sea robbers, who from the earliest times had ravaged these thinly-peopled islands, soon frightened this gentleman out of the country. Since then no bishop has held sway in Faroe; and the ruins at Kirkeboe are the only remaining witness of the early power of the Church in the isles. Once in six or seven weeks the provost or dean of the clergy holds service nowadays in the place where, five hundred years ago, prayers were said daily by a bishop.

The hospitality of Northmen is proverbial. Though, save for one or two government officials, there are no rich men in Faroe, a stranger is everywhere received with open hands and, better still, with open hearts. Olaus was for taking advantage of this immediately. He would introduce me to the farmer there and then, and I could begin eating and drinking within the minute. But I saw through his pretext, and bid him go and fill his own stomach while I examined the cathedral walls. I had no excuse for pressing myself upon strangers, it seemed to me; if he as a native had less conscience, so much the better for him. This he refused to do, however; and he sulkily followed me into the cathedral precincts. But here there was really nothing of interest to see.

The walls are of hard trapstone, the irregular blocks connected with a mortar of extraordinary adhesiveness. By the eastern window are some stone decorations, and outside the same window is a sculpture of the crucifixion, not more artistic than the bulk of other similar work three centuries ago. In fact, the most curious object in the cathedral was something secular—a plough. The Kirkeboe bonder had introduced this novelty into his district only the other day; and, though by no means remarkable in its make or size, it was to a Faroe man transcendent in interest over the cathedral and all its history. It was to this that Olaus pointed triumphantly when we walked into the long grass of the aisle. And it was to explain this to me that another man in a blue nightcap came headlong after us and plunged straightway into an incomprehensible discourse, one word in ten of which was English. But it was delicious to mark instant enmity towards this interloper printed upon Olaus' face. He tried to out-talk him, and, failing in this, assured me that the plough was not good for much after all, let that other man say what he might about it; and, as if he were my sworn bodyguard, he constantly interposed himself between the man and me, his face red with indignation, and his eyes flashing. The stranger man drew me aside towards a bit of decorated work of which he seemed to know the history, and as the ground in the vicinity was swampy he exerted himself to put stepping-stones for me in the kindest and most self-sacrificial manner. At this Olaus seemed beside himself with anger; he stood apart and writhed, working his lips like a lunatic, and he took it hardly when I laughed at him. Eventually, he stole towards me, and getting on the side farthest from the obnoxious interloper whispered, with dramatic tremulousness, upturning an anguished eye of assurance at the same time—

"Sir, this man *lille* (little) drunk; I swear he *lille* drunk."

But I am afraid Olaus derived no

comfort from the accusation, for I felt impelled to tell him that the new arrival "a little drunk" was more entertaining than himself, perfectly sober. At this conjuncture the farmer himself opportunely appeared at the west end of the aisle, smiling and extending his hand in greeting. And behind him came his sons, two broad-shouldered brown young men, as honestly genial of expression as their father. They all shook my hand with a vigour that made me wince, and I was invited into the house without delay.

It was an ordinary-looking Faroe farm building, with the usual number of smaller houses attached, for the bedding of the labourers, the drying of the mutton and beef for winter use, the storing of grain and wool, both raw and manufactured; black in the body, with a roofing of bright turf, amid which pink achillea and yellow buttercups bloomed profusely. But at one time its foundations had supported an episcopal residence. Where now farm-refuse littered the yard and cods' heads stared ugly in death, shaven monks had walked to and fro, with the swirl of the sea on the rocks hard by dinning their ears. No whitewashed Lutheran church, surmounted by its lozenge-shaped belfry tower, had then stood between them and the sea horizon.

Not that I was allowed time for any such old-world reflections as these. Divorced from Olaus, who, though a consequential man, was not fit for a drawing-room, I surrendered myself wholly to my new friends, exchanged bows and hand-shakings with the lady of the house, and seated myself by the table, with a vase of blue and crimson flowers under my nose. Then came in the farmer's daughter, a young lady of eighteen, who had just finished her education, as the phrase goes, in Copenhagen, and, after greetings, was commissioned to bring wine and cake and cigars. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes unusual in this land of Northmen, brilliant complexion, and

an elegant figure; but, much as one could not help admiring her, it went against the grain to be waited upon by her with a deference that was yet more humiliating. In Faroe the custom of toasting is general. He was but an ill-mannered fellow who would drink anything stronger than water in company with another without wishing him health and prosperity. Accordingly, glasses were filled with sherry (a great luxury in Faroe), and, one after the other, standing with solemn eyes, the household of the bonder clinked my glass, uttering the monosyllable "*Skald.*" The wine was then drunk at a gulp, smiles were exchanged, and cigars were lit by the gentlemen. Photographic albums were brought forward, and, with kindly simplicity, I was informed of the names and standing of people whom I had never seen and was never likely to know. In Faroe, as elsewhere, photography has proved a social blessing. No house is without its collection of portraits, and these almost invariably serve to break the ice of early acquaintanceship. In Thorshavn I was soon at home with the photographs of scores of people who were strangers to me when I left the place.

I asked the bonder if his farm was prosperous. It was a foolish question, for when, since Adam became a labourer, was a tiller of the ground contented with its fruits? Here, indeed, there was much amiss. The summer had been far too wet. The hay would be late, and the crops refused to ripen. The cows were not too loyal in their tribute. The lambs had met with many accidents; and numbers of the sheep had, at wooling time, shed their fleeces against the rocky edges of the mountains, and presented themselves to their owner naked and profitless. Even the eider ducks, in his rock-island a hundred yards away, had not yielded him more than two pounds of down this season, at twenty shillings the pound. And the cod fishing also had been poor.

But, having voided himself of these legitimate grievances, the farmer ac-

knowledge that he had much to be thankful for. His family were well, his men did their work, and they all had enough to eat and drink. Nor were they troubled with anxieties about war and such matters, as in England. One of the boys here pricked up his ears and asked if General Gordon was really dead, and when I told him the common opinion, he looked quite sorry. They had heard of Gordon from the Copenhagen papers, and in Faroe, no less than in Denmark, he had been exalted on a pedestal of heroic fame. Moreover they knew something of his features from the almanacs supplied to the local merchants by the traders from Orkney and Shetland. To the farmer, Gordon suggested the royal family of Denmark, and the different members of King Christian's house were enumerated affectionately for me, and their portraits, including those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, arranged symmetrically on one wall of the room, indicated to me. It is a trifle strange, considering how little actual advantage they derive from the Danish rule, that the Faroese should be so warm in their devotion to the Danish Government; and may, perhaps, be explained by the surmise that in the less complex stages of civilisation man can and will venerate and love a master, if he be not positively hateful. I never entered a house in Faroe without seeing a portrait of the Danish king—a steel engraving or a common woodcut daubed with rainbow colours. Loyalty is surely spontaneous in these happy isles.

King Christian's picture recalled to my kindly host another monarch whose memory is held in esteem at Kirkeboe. Centuries ago the people of Norway rose against their sovereign and put him to death; and would also have killed his Queen Gunhild and her little boy-baby had she not fled from the country with him. Kirkeboe in Faroe was the refuge sought by this poor lady with her orphaned child. A relative of hers was bishop here, and gave her shelter.

She assumed a menial character, hid her boy for a whole summer in a cave among the black-beetling rocks over the village, visiting him daily to suckle and tend him, and trusted in the future to atone for the past and present. In due time the boy grew up to manhood. Then, donning his rights as a panoply, he returned to Norway, carried all before him, and secured his father's throne. This tale of King Sverre, Bishop Ro, and Gunhild the Queen, was told me by the elder of the farmer's sons; and he would have shown the site of the cave itself if the fog had not lain too low on the hill sides. Avalanches of stones and snow have in the course of time made the hole harder to attain than once it was, but at the best it must have been a panting climb for the hapless queen, in addition to her other misfortunes of exile and apparent servitude.

Another curiosity of Kirkeboe is a famous old house of Norwegian timber, with as wonderful a history as the Santa Casa of Loretto. It is said to be eight hundred years old, and to have floated deliberately from Norway upon the beach of Kirkeboe, not exactly furnished, but ready for furniture and occupation. Nor is it of flimsy material. Trunks a foot in diameter are dovetailed into similar trunks; and the massy planks of the partitions and flooring suggest the enormous weight of the entire structure. There is rude carving on some of the beams, and the panels also are decorated here and there. Nowadays the chief room of this house serves as the *rygstue*, or kitchen; literally, the smoke-room, as the common kitchen of a Faroe house being unprovided with a chimney, the hearth stands in the middle of the chamber, and over it, in the roof, is a hole for the smoke to go through *when it chooses*. When I entered it a man on his knees was eating fish from a wooden trough, much as a pig feeds in his sty. He had the backbone of an entire cod in his two hands, and was sucking the flesh from it with enthu-

siasm. A woman at the other end of the room was turning the spinning-wheel, keeping an eye upon certain rolls of rye-bread laid upon a gridiron over the lurid sods of turf on the hearth. These cakes were of two dimensions, the greater, representing one man's portion, being perhaps a quarter as large again as the other or woman's portion. It is an old Faroe custom thus to distinguish between the appetite or deserts of the sexes—probably the latter. And yet, apart from the claim of more exacting physique, considering the work done by men and women, one is disposed to think that the men are rewarded over-liberally. A specialist, for instance, thus enumerates the chief duties of a Faroe housewife. She has “to crush corn in the quern, to clean the entrails of slaughtered animals, to cleanse the cow-houses and milk the cows, to dry the corn, to knit, weave, and sew, to knead and bake the bread, to pluck the sea-birds, taken by the thousand in the season, wash the skins and wool, and do all other washing, to spin, dye, cook, &c., &c.” Whereas, if we exclude fishing and field work, both of which are much curtailed in winter, when the nights are four times as long as the days, the men are mainly engaged in woolwork, and chattering like the women themselves. But it will be long before the women of Faroe take up the cry of “equality of consideration and a bigger loaf!” Dutiful submission to their lords and masters is inborn with them like the marrow of their bones.

Out of this *rogstue*, the beams of which were grimed with the smoke of centuries, we went into a sleeping chamber. The beds were of hay, new cut, ravishingly sweet, and set in the wood of the wall like the bunks of a ship. Under the floor of this room was a cavity, ten feet, perhaps, in depth, which, if tradition may be credited, was used as a dungeon by the old Northmen who owned the house before it got adrift from the mainland. It were curious to know the exact history of this imported domicile. One thing

is sure—that it is unique in Faroe. As for its trip of two hundred miles across the North Atlantic, one is loth to rebuff the imagination by discrediting such a delicious spectacle.

The good farmer was for returning and drinking more wine after viewing the *rogstue*. But one of the boys suggested that the white church ought to be seen; his father had the reading of the service upon him five Sundays out of six, he said. And so the key was fetched, and, passing through a tangled bit of paddock, notable only for some edible shrub which grew in it, we assailed and opened the door. A less remarkable place of worship cannot be conceived. It was of wood, varnished inside and whitewashed outside; plain to nakedness, with a streak or two of bright colour about its wooden pulpit. A spittoon stood at the foot of the altar, which bore a crucifix and some dirt. But, though so unattractive, familiarity had endeared the edifice to the boys. They prattled about it, and sat on the tops of the pews, lounged against the altar, and paddled their fingers in the font; told how in winter the sea thunders its waves against the sides and drowns the sound of the pastor's voice; the number of the congregation, a bare half dozen at times; the cost of the candles, and so forth. The Lutherans of Faroe are not excited religionists; they take their quota of inspired moral teaching once a week, or once every six weeks, as the case may be, and it suffices them. In truth, however, there can be no more moral community under the sun than this isolated population of eleven thousand human beings.

When we were about to leave the church and re-lock it, my friend and guide Olaus made his appearance in the doorway, with a shining face and an eager expression.

“Dreadful bad weather coming on!” he said to me in an aside, which happily was audible to the elder of the farmer's sons.

“Bad! why, the sun is all over the sea,” exclaimed the boy, “and Sandoe

yonder is out of the clouds. It will be soft to-morrow, but all to-day fine."

"Well, I think—" murmured Olaus, with a vanquished look of discomfiture at his belly, which was patently swelled, "I am ready to go home!" he continued, in elucidation of his weather wisdom.

But this the good bonder protested against. I had taken only the preliminary refreshment; a substantial repast would be ready by and by; his wife was preparing it.

And so, to pass the time, it was proposed that we should visit the eider-duck island, a good stone's throw from the shore. Accordingly, some men were summoned, and, with a whoop of self-encouragement, these launched one of the bonder's boats. A Faroe boat is as old fashioned a concern as a poke bonnet. It has a curved prow and a curved stern; and both ends are furnished with handles for the seizure of the boat. The oars, moreover, are tied to the sides with thongs of cowskin. But there can be no ground for cavil against boats and men who, like these, can jointly get over twenty-four miles of water-way, and not by any means still water, in four hours or so. Faroe men row astonishingly quick, but for style they care nothing; and though they would soon beat an Oxford crew in a long race, they would not fail also to excite its derision.

During the passage the boys pulled up a quantity of seaweed, and offered me three varieties to taste and determine as to the best. Olaus, who was with us, would have saved me the ordeal of decision; for he filled his mouth by handfuls. But the boys scorned Olaus, esteeming him by another standard than his own, and I had to arbitrate. Two of the kinds were ribbon-leaved and palatable enough; the third, like a rope of amber, was better still. Henceforward I shall consider it no hardship for a community to be forced upon this kind of food—as a supplement to better. Though what consequences would

ensue upon an exclusive diet of seaweed I cannot pretend to say. Olaus, who seemed to be a receptacle for anything eatable, having disposed of many yards of seaweed, began upon the mussels and other shell-fish which incrust the rocks of the bird-island, and we left him at his dessert, in search of nests.

The Holm, as they called it, was hard to walk upon, being composed of irregular heaps of rock overgrown with long rank grass, in which the common sea-birds laid their eggs. Though it was very late in the season, these eggs were under our feet wherever we trod, and many a promising brood was perforce destroyed. As for the more valuable eider broods, these were provided with thatched houses, into which we crept carefully, blocking the aperture so as to leave the female bird no chance of escape. And thus we saw several interesting families in the straw side by side. The female is a rich glossy slate and bronze colour, somewhat larger than our common duck. Ordinarily there were four eggs in each nest. Some, however, were hatched, and the delicate young birds fluttered hither and thither in their excitement. Not one of the more resplendent male birds was at home; they were doubtless whirling about over the seaward end of the islet, screaming their best in company with thousands of other birds. It is from the lower part of the neck and the breast of these precious birds that the down is plucked. And it was from this rock that the bonder derived his revenue of a couple of pounds sterling, as the value of the two pounds weight of down which he had been able to accumulate in the year.

I asked if the common tern's eggs were good to eat, when, to my distress, I had crushed three at one step: and Olaus Jackson, who had rejoined us after his surfeit of shell-fish, for answer bade me watch him. The monster hereupon broke egg after egg upon his teeth, and tipped the hapless contents down his red throat, seemingly quite callous whether the eggs

were good or bad, in an early or a late stage of incubation. But he was summarily stopped by the younger boy, who looked disgusted, and wrathfully told him in Faroese that he was committing an illegal as well as a hideously greedy action; the eggs were protected by Faroe law—unless they were bad. I do not quite know what Olaus said in reply—but I gathered from the boy that he pleaded in extenuation the peculiar flavour of most of those he had eaten. Personally, from what I had seen of him, I could believe the man capable of eating a bad egg rather than nothing at all.

But it was time for me to be eating on my own account; not that the day was darkening, for in Faroe latitudes the sun in summer hardly goes below the horizon at the end of the day. Rain was to be feared, however, and a thickening of the clouds on the hills. The bonder would not join me at my meal; the laws of hospitality forbade such presumption. And, much as I should have liked his company, I did not press it. All the members of the family were present while I ate. They took a quiet unobtrusive interest in my movements, and talked only when addressed. Again I was waited on by the ladies with cheerful zeal; and this was the only embarrassing part of the meal—to myself. The spoons here, as in most Faroe farmhouses, were of silver, heavy and old. Lastly, coffee and cigars were brought forward, and a reluctant permission to start was accorded me. Had I been willing to stay, they would have welcomed me. The guest room, opening from the drawing-room, was shown to tempt me; but it was as nothing compared with their own honest hospitable dispositions. To crown his kindness, the bonder offered me a horse for the return journey. It was a little animal of the Faroe breed, such as the dealers buy in the isles for three to four sovereigns apiece; but it was surefooted and strong. Then, one after the other, these friends of a day said "*Farvel*," almost tremulously, and squeezed my

hand—not even excepting the young lady, who, in spite of her Copenhagen piano and finished education, was as simple of speech and manner as a peasant's daughter dependent for her education upon nature alone. Her fair face was crimson when she said "Good-bye," and her eyes looked down modestly; but she gripped my hand as tightly as a boy. Verily, I could not help feeling sad when I rejoined the lumpish Olaus, and thought that in all human probability I should never see these true gentlefolk again.

We made the first mile or so of our return climb in silence. Olaus seemed sulky, and panted as if troubled by his digestion; while the sharp rock of Kolter Island, five miles across the now glittering sea, enchained my eyes, though not my thought. A little higher, and we were plunged to the neck into the inevitable fog. But, before taking the step, I looked back at Kirkeboe, now a green space no larger than a handkerchief on the level between the mountains and the sea, with its white church no bigger than a common nut; and the sight warmed my heart. Then, for two weary hours, we waded through a mist that hung our beards with dewdrops, and made us limp to the bones.

No sooner were we in the chief street of Thorshavn than my man straightened himself up, and tried to renew the deportment of the morning. But something made him abruptly throw aside all his assumption of importance.

"*Farvel*," he said, with sudden energy, holding out his hand, and his eye was bright.

"Why! what is the matter?" I asked. "You may as well come on! Why not?"

"Because," said Olaus, with decision, though his lip quivered, "it is supper-time. *Farvel*."

And away he sprang towards his own house, soon breaking into a gentle trot, which, ere I lost him, had developed into a tearing gallop of impatience.

## THE DEATH OF AMY ROBSART.

It has always been a vexed question how far poets and romance-writers should be permitted to work the course of history to their own will; and it is inevitable that it should be so. It is impossible to deliver the law on any point which must, after all, depend mainly on personal notions of reason and propriety, even in those rare cases where two persons are found to agree on the truth of history itself. Yet the question, like so many much-debated questions, has its simple side—or what at least may seem so to minds not too stubbornly set on finding difficulties. It has one particularly simple side, which indeed seems to offer the very last word to those comfortable souls who are averse to considering too curiously on any matter. When 'Old Mortality' was first published there arose much discussion on the author's treatment of the two parties, the Cavaliers and the Puritans: especially in Scotland it was thought altogether intolerable that the "bloody Claver'se" of a legend still so firmly believed should be presented as a mirror of chivalry. All this seemed to Jeffrey very much of a storm in a tea-cup. "It is," he wrote,<sup>1</sup> "a singular honour, no doubt, to a work of fiction and amusement to be thus made the theme of serious attack and defence upon points of historical and theological discussion; and to have grave dissertations written by learned contemporaries upon the accuracy of its representations of public events and characters. It is difficult for us, we confess, to view the matter in so serious a light." We must for our part own to being very much on the side of Jeffrey, holding that in a professed work of fiction the license of the author should be in proportion to his capacity of using it for

our amusement. However, we do not propose to intrude our own views, still less to attempt to make converts to them; being very well aware how extremely unpopular and altogether absurd they must seem to so eager, curious, and, above all, so exact an age as this. There is, however, another view which we shall offer with less diffidence; a simple view, too, and, as it seems to us, based upon good sense. It is, at any rate, the view of a man entitled to be heard on any question of literature—some will say especially on any question of romantic literature. It is the view of Macaulay, and may be seen in a passage of his journal quoted by Mr. Trevelyan.<sup>2</sup> He had been reading Schiller's 'Joan of Arc,' and had closed the book in a characteristic tempest of indignation with the last act. "Absurd beyond description," he calls it; and then he goes on:—"The monstrous violation of history which everybody knows is not to be defended. Schiller might just as well have made Wallenstein dethrone the Emperor, and reign himself over Germany—or Mary become Queen of England, and cut off Elizabeth's head, as make Joan fall in the moment of victory." The present is not perhaps the most convenient time for putting Macaulay in the witness-box. He is not in fashion; but fashions do not last. An epoch of change such as, we hear proclaimed, triumphantly or otherwise, on every side, we are now passing through, is often followed by an epoch of restoration; and as the frequent attempts which, despite Mr. Bagehot's warning,<sup>3</sup> have in recent times been

<sup>2</sup> 'Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,' ch. xii.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* ch. xi.

<sup>1</sup> 'Edinburgh Review,' March, 1817.

made to re-write Macaulay have not been uniformly successful, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that another generation may see fit to reverse the decision of this. At any rate in this particular instance Macaulay's verdict is perhaps as satisfactory, certainly as clear as any we are likely to get. It may be said to represent the common-sense of the question; and though common-sense is itself perhaps in no very great favour to-day, it affords at least a good point to start from.

Let us assume then, that the poet or romance-writer, when working with historic materials, times, characters, or scenes, unfamiliar, doubtful, or unimportant, may put them to such uses as his fancy or convenience may dictate. Where his materials are such as everybody, even historians themselves, are agreed upon, he must range himself with "everybody." Starting with this assumption, we propose to inquire what really is the sum of the grave offences against history Sir Walter Scott has been accused of committing in his novel of 'Kenilworth.' There is, probably, by this time a pretty general impression that all is not as it should be in that enchanting tale. But the impression does not seem to be a very clear one, even among those who have been most strenuous to put Sir Walter wrong. Our inquiry is not inspired by any great motives. We are influenced by no abstract love of truth or justice. We have no superstitious reverence for the awful muse of history. Our motive is in truth no higher one than curiosity, the idle motive of an empty day; and especially a curiosity to see how these antiquarians work. Your thorough-going antiquarian is in the very nature of things a terrible iconoclast. Now iconoclasm is an intoxicating pastime; when once the spirit of battle is up, few of its professors are cool enough to see or care on whose head the swashing blow falls, or what it breaks, or to keep in mind the particular

purpose of the fray. Backwards and forwards it rocks, like that famous fight over the dead consul—

"Till none could see Valerius,  
And none wist where he lay."

"Captain or colonel, or knight in arms," down they all go: everything that stands in the way of these furious searchers after truth must go, animate or inanimate, prince or peasant, cathedral or cottage. And the present age is one particularly favourable to this free fighting. It is not only an epoch of change, but also an epoch of dissolution. The old shrines must not only be dismantled, they must be pulled down; the old idols not only discredited, they must be broken up. If we cannot create, we can at least destroy. A Mahomet is not born every day, but we can all of us be Omars; we can all help to burn the libraries. Perhaps not all of this great work of destruction is of such importance as its votaries assume. However, it is, of course, a serious affair to fasten a charge of murder on an innocent man, even in fiction. So we have been minded to see for ourselves how far Sir Walter is really guilty of this grave offence; what it is the antiquarians have really discovered—in short, after a second-hand fashion to play the antiquarian ourselves. We do not, indeed, for a moment profess to have made any discoveries of our own; our present business is merely to sift the discoveries of others.

But before setting to work let us, as briefly as may be, review the rank of Sir Walter's accusers, and the sum of their charges against him. In the year of the publication of the novel, that is in 1821, the errors in Lady Dudley's biography were duly set forth in the 'Quarterly Review,' and possibly in other places unknown to us. But it is clear that at the time, and for many years afterwards, there was no suspicion that any offence against the good fame of Leicester, Varney, or Forster had been committed. The

tradition that the Earl of Leicester's first wife had been done to death at Cumnor Hall by foul means to which he was privy, if he had not literally ordered them, had been common property ever since the Earl's own day. It seems to have been in 1848 that the truth of this tradition was first seriously questioned. In that year Lord Braybrooke published the third edition of Pepys's 'Diary,' and the late Mr. George Lillie Craik, the first volume of his 'Romance of the Peerage.' Both these books contained a correspondence then lately discovered in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, between Leicester, or Lord Robert Dudley as he then was, and his cousin Sir Thomas Blount. The letters are not originals, but copies made, it has been assumed from the handwriting, some twenty years or so after the events they report. Lord Braybrooke contented himself with merely printing the correspondence; but Mr. Craik went farther, as was indeed his business. He pointed out how much, or, as it would be more true to say, how little, these letters really proved. He also pointed out, and, so far as we know, was the first to do so, that Ashmole's version of the affair, on which Sir Walter had based his tale, was really no more than a copy of a notorious contemporary publication known as 'Leicester's Commonwealth.'

In 1850 Mr. Bartlett, of Abingdon, published his 'Historical and Descriptive Account of Cumnor Place.' In it, together with much curious archaeological matter, he amplified Mr. Craik's statements, and added some particulars of Anthony Forster, whom he showed to have been, at any rate intellectually and socially, a different man from the boorish ruffian of 'Kenilworth.' Neither he nor Mr. Craik can be called accusers of Sir Walter. They did their spiriting gently and reverently; above all, they confined themselves solely to facts. By their followers, who have practically been able to add little to the sum of their actual knowledge, they are barely mentioned.

Perhaps, because they were not "thorough" enough to satisfy those Fifth-Monarchy men; because, unlike Butcher Harrison, they "did the work negligently." But, in truth, your red-hot antiquarian is never very prompt to acknowledge his debts. In 1859 the late Mr. Pettigrew, vice-president of the British Archaeological Association, published a pamphlet, called 'An Inquiry into the Particulars connected with the Death of Amy Robsart (Lady Dudley),'<sup>1</sup> which he had previously read at the meeting of the Society at Newbury in the same year. A more voluminous work, 'Amye Robsart and the Earl of Leycester,' followed in 1870 from Mr. Adlard, an American gentleman. Six years later, that is in 1876, Canon Jackson read a paper on the same subject at the meeting of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society at Salisbury. This paper was privately printed in the following year, and subsequently incorporated in an article published in the 'Nineteenth Century' Magazine, for March, 1882.

Only one voice has been heard on the other side, but that is no feeble one. A short while ago Mr. Walter Rye, known for his researches in the history of Norfolk, published a pamphlet, 'The Murder of Amy Robsart,' which he defiantly styles, "A Brief for the Prosecution." He has introduced too much unsavoury and irrelevant scandal about Queen Elizabeth; but he has also recapitulated with great clearness and precision the charge against Leicester; he has broken down much of the evidence on the other side; and if his new points for the prosecution are not always of paramount importance, he has at least reminded the jury of much which his opponents have naturally done their best to put by or to ignore. If Sir Walter wanted a counsel, he need wish for no better one than Mr. Rye.

Let us now take the points in the story on which Sir Walter has been

<sup>1</sup> Lady, or Dame, Dudley, in the style of the day, not Lady Robert Dudley as we should say now.

*proved* wrong. Amy's father was not Sir Hugh Robsart, of Devonshire, but Sir John Robsart, of Norfolk. She did not steal from her home to marry Dudley privately; she was married to him publicly at Sheen, in Surrey, on the fourth of June, 1550. It is known from the Privy Council Records that she visited him when he was a prisoner in the Tower, for his share in the attempt to put his brother's wife, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne. A letter, preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, written by her to Mr. Flowerdew, the agent of a Norfolk sheep-farm that she had brought her husband, shows her to have been living some time between 1557 and 1559, at the house of one Mr. Hyde, at Denchworth, about four miles from Cumnor. Therefore, her married life was not the involuntary seclusion of the novel, though she certainly seems to have had but little of her husband's company. She was never Countess of Leicester, and she never was at Kenilworth. The Queen gave Kenilworth to Lord Robert Dudley, in June 1563; and in September of the same year created him Earl of Leicester. Lady Dudley was not found dead in a cellar, but lying at the foot of a staircase leading down into the hall. Her father had died some years previously, shortly after her marriage. Neither was the skeleton of Anthony Forster found lying across his money-bags in a secret chamber. It is not known precisely where he died, but he was buried on the tenth of November, 1572, in Cumnor church, in a sumptuous marble tomb, which stands to this day. On that tomb are inscribed the names of his five children, but among them the name of Janet does not appear. It is also known that he stood much higher in the social scale than he stands in the novel.

This is the sum total of Sir Walter's *proved* blenches from the straight path of history. We will now turn to those other and more serious offences he is *alleged* to have committed. They may be very briefly stated: firstly, there is absolutely no proof that Lady

Dudley was murdered; secondly, if she was murdered, there is absolutely no proof that Dudley, Forster, or Varney were in any way accessories, either before or after the fact; thirdly, there is every possible reason for disbelieving them to have been so. As Canon Jackson is the latest accuser, and as his plaint embraces the whole story begun by Mr. Craik and continued by Messieurs Bartlett, Pettigrew, and Adlard, we will confine our examination in chief to him.

But we must first spare a word or two on—a mistake of his we will not call it—but a slight confusion of ideas. It is not only against the novel that he takes up his parable, but against the "several kinds of public spectacles" emanating from the novel. "There was," he says, "the melodrama of 'Amy Robsart' performed for a whole season before thousands upon thousands." This melodrama the good Canon cannot away with, and particularly the part it assigned to Varney, who seems indeed to have been modelled on the good old pattern of theatrical villainy. "It must," he says, "be exquisitely ridiculous to any person knowing the truth to sit and see such nonsense. An archaeologist, looking round upon the spectators, would sigh with pity for the hundreds of simple folk who watch the proceedings with the deepest interest, not having the slightest idea that they are gulled and misled by the whole representation." Well, the archaeologist has his revenge now. It is he who "gulls" and "misleads" the "simple folk" to-day by the anachronisms and other absurdities he persuades ignorant managers to perpetrate in their so-called Shakespearean revivals, and other historical spectacles. This, however, is beside the present question. What we desire with submission to point out to Canon Jackson is, that Sir Walter cannot in reason be held to blame for the catch-penny theatrical imitations of his work. Would any sane person venture to maintain that Shakespeare was responsible for the monstrous travesties of

his work that strut across the stage to-day?

"It must be exquisitely ridiculous," says Canon Jackson, "to any person *knowing the truth* to sit and see such nonsense." Let us see then what is the truth; not the conjecture or the inference, the possibility or probability, but the *truth*, the literal matter-of-fact. And first of Forster and Varney.

We may presume the story of 'Kenilworth' to be generally familiar to our readers; and as the preface to all editions of the novel likely to have come into their hands contains the passage from Ashmole's 'Antiquities of Berkshire'<sup>1</sup> which Sir Walter took for his authority, we need not quote it here. It must, however, be remembered, that all the rest of Ashmole's narrative,—the hasty burial, the exhumation and inquest at the father's insistence, and the subsequent re-burial in Oxford—has no place in 'Kenilworth.' All we are concerned with is Sir Walter's alleged offence in giving countenance to a shameless libel implicating three honourable men in a murder that never was committed.

That Ashmole—though it would be more strictly archaeological to say Ashmole's editor, it will be more convenient to say Ashmole, and we must trust that the shade of that learned herald will pardon us—that Ashmole took this story from 'Leycester's Commonwealth,' was, as we have said, first shown by Mr. Craik, and in Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet the passages he borrowed are printed. The resemblance is certainly very close, being in parts indeed no other than a literal transcript. 'Leycester's Commonwealth' was a famous book in its day. It was printed abroad, and

the copies sent bound into England with the outside of the leaves coloured green, whence it was popularly known as "Father Parson's Green Coat." The first edition bears the date 1584. The notorious Jesuit, Robert Parsons, has always been credited with the work, but there was a strong suspicion at the time that Cecil had a hand in it. In this suspicion Mr. Rye is much inclined to agree. It is certain, as he says, that Cecil was no friend to Leicester; and it is at least a curious coincidence that in the 'Commonwealth' reference is made to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's report of a rumour current in Paris that "the Queen of England had a meaning to marry her Horse-keeper." This report was made in a private letter to Cecil! The authorship of the book is, however, of no very great moment. There is the book itself, plain enough; and it can be no less plain to any one who reads the history of the time that it does no more than repeat the current scandal about Leicester. A gross and shameless libel it may be; written it may be by an unscrupulous man who had every motive to injure and discredit the professed champion of the Protestant cause; but it is more certain than anything else in this wretched business that 'Leycester's Commonwealth' only put into shape the floating stories against Leicester's good fame. An answer was sent out by Sir Philip Sydney, framed in hot haste at the moment, but never printed till the publication of the 'Sydney Papers' in 1746. Mr. Adlard calls it "a very able answer to the 'Commonwealth,' and refutation of the statements made therein." It is neither one nor the other. Sydney was Dudley's nephew, and the paper is precisely such as a chivalrous man, who hated to hear ill of any one, would write of a defamed kinsman. It is vague, confused, warm-hearted, and somewhat hot-headed; a general disclaimer of all reports against Dudley's good name, partly, indeed,

<sup>1</sup> According to Lysons' 'History of Berkshire,' Elias Ashmole, "that industrious herald and antiquary," is not really responsible for this work. It was published after his death, and all of his own hand contained in it is the church notes copied from those deposited by him in the Herald's College. All else was contributed by the Editor. Mr. Adlard has called attention to this.

based on the excellent qualities of his lineage; a particular refutation of none. It proves nothing; it disproves nothing; and it never even mentions the Cumnor scandal by name.

Of Forster and Varney there is no other mention in the book, and Pettigrew, writing in 1859, is obliged to own that of the latter he "can ascertain no particulars." But Canon Jackson, as we have seen, "knows the truth." What then is the truth he knows? Mr. Adlard had already published two letters which he had discovered in the Lansdowne manuscripts at the British Museum, from Leicester to Cecil, about the lands of a certain "young Varney," grandson of a Sir Richard Varney (or Verney),<sup>1</sup> who was sheriff of Warwickshire in 1562, and died in 1567. To these Canon Jackson has added a letter, found among the papers at Longleat, dated from Warwick, the twentieth of April, 1560, addressed "To the Rt. honourable and my verry good lorde, the lorde Robert Dudley, Mr. of the horses to the Quene's Majestie at Court," and signed "Richard Verney." The letter itself is of no matter, referring merely to the loss of some hawks of Dudley's by the carelessness of one of the writer's servants. But the seal is the thing: like Constantine, the Canon cries, *In hoc signo vincam*. The device of this seal is an antelope, and at the end of the animal's tail is what the Canon calls "a tripartite finish, something like a fleur-de-lis." Antelopes thus adorned support, he says, the coat of arms borne by the Verneys of Compton Verney in Warwickshire, whereof the present Lord Willoughby de Broke is the head. Consequently this Richard Verney must have been a member of that family. As a matter of fact, the Willoughbys and Verneys, of Compton Murdac, not Compton Verney, did not intermarry till the next century. This is, of course, neither here nor there; only, an antiquarian

<sup>1</sup> The name, as was the fashion of the day, was spelt in all manner of different ways.

is clearly nothing if not accurate. However, we will allow that the Richard Verney who wrote to Dudley about some hawks was a perfectly reputable and blameless gentleman. And indeed, as the Canon quotes, though without specifying his authority, a letter from Sir Ambrose Cave, member of Parliament for Warwickshire, recommending Sir Richard Varney to Dudley as a commissioner for that county, we may fairly assume him to have been a personage of some note. But contemporary with this immaculate knight was another Richard Varney. There was a well-known Buckinghamshire family of that name<sup>2</sup> connected with the Dudleys by marriage and also by misfortunes. Sir Ralph Varney had, with other children, three sons, Edmund, Francis, and Richard. Edmund and Francis had both been concerned in Sir Henry Dudley's conspiracy of 1556. Francis had been Elizabeth's servant when she was in confinement at Woodstock, had been accused of tampering with a letter, and, according to Mr. Rye, had about as bad a name as any young gentleman of that day. Of Richard nothing is certainly known; but in 1572, five years after the death of Canon Jackson's good knight, a Richard Varney was appointed to the marshalship of the Bench for life. He died in November, 1575; on the fifteenth of the month Leicester wrote to beg Shrewsbury not to fill up the place "void by the death of Mr. Varney."

Let us now see what is the sum of this truth Canon Jackson claims to know. He knows that in 1559 Sir Ambrose Cave wrote a letter to Dudley recommending a Sir Richard Verney as a commissioner for the county of Warwick, and that in 1560 a Richard Verney wrote a letter to Dudley about some hawks, which letter was sealed with the device now

<sup>2</sup> Sir Harry Verney, of Claydon, is the present head of this family, but not by direct descent. See the 'Verney Papers' in the Camden Society, and Mr. Rye's pamphlet.

borne by the Verneys of Compton Verney in Warwickshire. That is what he knows. What he does not know, or did not when he composed his pamphlet, is, that there was at the same time another Richard Verney, one of a family of brothers of notoriously bad character, connected with Dudley by marriage, and in some way or another concerned in his affairs. Canon Jackson says the first Richard, of Warwickshire, is the man whose memory Sir Walter has defamed. Mr. Rye thinks the other Richard, of Buckinghamshire, is the man implicated by the author of 'Leycester's Commonwealth' in Lady Dudley's death. There is not a tittle of *proof* either way.

When we come to Anthony Forster we get on firmer ground. We really *know* something about him. Possibly it is this comparative fulness of knowledge that has so confused Canon Jackson as to cause him on the same page to place Forster's death in 1569 and his election as member of parliament for Abingdon in 1572.<sup>1</sup> Anthony came of a respectable Shropshire family. His wife was Anne, daughter of Reginald Williams, of Burghfield in Berkshire, the eldest brother of Lord Williams of Thame, Mary's Lord Chamberlain. He held Cumnor Place as tenant of Doctor Owen, one of Elizabeth's physicians, whose wife was present in the house at the time of Lady Dudley's death. In the following year, 1561, he bought the place from his landlord. In 1570 he was returned to parliament as member for Abingdon. In 1572 he died, and was, as has been already said, buried in Cumnor church. His tomb, an elaborate structure, is adorned with a long Latin epitaph, in which he is described as wise, eloquent, just, and charitable, learned in classic literature, in music, architecture, and botany; in short, as a man possessed of every virtue and every accomplishment.<sup>2</sup>

Moreover, he was, according to Canon Jackson, "highly esteemed as a most honest gentleman by his neighbours at Abingdon," and "was sometimes sent for by the University of Oxford to assist in settling matters of controversy." But it happens that in the correspondence between Blount and Dudley, which is the witness for "the most honest gentleman," there is also, though the Canon seems to have forgotten it, a particular allusion to Forster's unpopularity with his neighbours. Some of the jury, Blount says, are "verie enemies to Anthony Fforster"; and again he assures Dudley they are certain to be careful in their inquiry, but, "whether equitie is the cause or mallice to Fforster do forbyd it, I knowe not." As for his great reputation at the University, the sole instance of his connection with it is that his name appears as a companion of Henry Norris of Wytham, when the latter went, in 1562, to demand admission for Doctor Man, when the Catholic members of Merton College had shut the gates against their new Warden;<sup>3</sup> which proves, if it prove nothing else, that he had abjured the faith of his fathers, and become, in all outward seeming at any rate, a zealous Protestant. That Forster was in some way a dependent of Dudley's is clear from a letter, found at Longleat, in which the latter gives the former orders concerning the preparations at Kenilworth for a visit from Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, signing himself, "Your loving master," and addressing the letter to "my loving servant."

<sup>3</sup> This is the Man who was sent as ambassador to Madrid, in return for Don Guzman da Silva's appointment to London. "Of which ambassadors," Anthony Wood tells us, "Queen Elizabeth used merrily to say, that as her brother the King of Spain had sent to her a Goos-man, so she had sent to him a Man-goose." Man's subsequent conduct seems rather to have justified the royal jest. See Wood's 'Athene Oxonienses,' i. 367 (ed. 1813), and his 'History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford,' i. 285 a; also Mr. Froude's 'History,' ix. 327.

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Rye's pamphlet, and the 'Nineteenth Century' Magazine for March, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Pettigrew's 'Inquiry.'

Also in a sarcastic paper on Leicester's qualifications to be the Queen's husband, Cecil notes, as a point in his favour, that he would enhance his particular friends to wealth and office, naming Forster and Appleyard as instances.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, separating the literal facts which history furnishes concerning Varney and Forster from the conjectures which, probable or otherwise, the antiquaries after their fashion would insist on our taking with equal seriousness, how little appears our real knowledge! How certain also is it that our knowledge does not include a single *proved* fact which precludes the possibility of Varney's and Forster's complicity in the death of their patron's wife. With the balance of conjecture we are not concerned. It has, we say again, no place in our present inquiry.

Let us now turn to the circumstances of Lady Dudley's death, so far as they are really known.

The date when the lady took up her residence at Cumnor cannot be fixed, but it cannot well have been before 1560. Canon Jackson has made a great point of a paper found at Longleat from her to her tailor. It shows, he says, that she was "liberally supplied with the finery of the day," that there is at least "no sign of parsimony in her apparel," this last piece of evidence being considered by him so important as to deserve the distinction of italics. But who has said anything to the contrary? Certainly not Sir Walter, as his novel stands most strenuously to testify. This, however, is beside the question. The whole business is, indeed, overlaid with so very much that is beside the question, that it is extremely difficult, even with the best intentions, to keep always clear of the pitfalls that beset our laborious steps.

Elizabeth came to the throne in November, 1558. Early in the next

year rumours were abroad that she was likely to marry Robert Dudley, whenever his wife's death should leave him free for a second marriage. In May, 1559, De Feria, the Spanish minister in England, wrote to Philip, that he hears the Queen "is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley, and will never let him leave her side. . . . It is even reported that his wife has a cancer on the breast, and that the Queen waits only till she die to marry him." Dudley had then been married to Amy Robsart nearly nine years, but no children had been born of the marriage. It is vain work trying to guess Elizabeth's real feelings, nor are we concerned with them. All that is certain, and all that is necessary for us to bear in mind, is, that from the time of the Queen's accession to the time of Lady Dudley's death, it was common talk, both in England and on the continent, that Lord Robert Dudley was one day to be the husband of the Queen of England. On the eleventh of September, 1560, De Quadra, then Spanish ambassador in London, sent off to the Duchess of Parma at Brussels a long account of a conversation he had held on the third of the month with Cecil. The secretary, who was then disgraced, owing, it was supposed, to Dudley's influence, after lamenting the Queen's folly and the injury she was doing to herself and the realm, said that "they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife. They had given out that she was ill; but she was not ill at all; she was very well, and taking care not to be poisoned." The next day, that is on the fourth of September, four days before Lady Dudley's death, the Queen told the ambassador "that Lord Robert's wife was dead or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it. Assuredly it is a matter full of shame and infamy." And the letter concludes with a paragraph evidently penned in haste at the last moment:—"Since this was written the death of Lord Robert's wife has been given out publicly. The Queen said in Italian,

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Froude's 'History,' vii. 283 note, and Mr. Rye's pamphlet, both referring to the Hatfield Manuscripts.

'*Que si ha rotto il collo.*' It seems that she fell down a staircase."<sup>1</sup>

Dudley was then with the court at Windsor. The news of his wife's death was not generally known till the eleventh of September; but it is clear from his first letter to Blount, that on the ninth he was aware that something had happened at Cumnor. He at once sent off Blount to inquire; but while Blount was still on the road, the news arrived at Windsor by a messenger named Bowes. Dudley remained quietly at Windsor, contenting himself with sending a letter after Blount, to the effect that he had learnt of his wife's death "by a fall from a pair of stayres," and praying his cousin earnestly to do all that he can to sift the matter to the bottom, and to see that the coroner and the jury did their part likewise, "honorabile and duellie by all manner of examynacions." He said also that he had sent "for my brother Appleyarde, because he is her brother." Then Blount tells his tale. He had stayed his journey at Abingdon, to hear what the folk said. The landlord of his inn was discreet. He allowed that some people were disposed to say evil of the matter, but for his own part he would say no more than that it was a misfortune, because it had happened in Forster's house, and he had a good opinion of Forster. Next he reports a conversation with Pinto, Lady Dudley's maid. Pinto was vague, as is the wont of her class. She said she thought it "verie chance, and neither done by man nor by herself;" then owned that she had often heard her lady pray to God to deliver her from desperation; and finally said that she meant to imply nothing. The most important, however, of Blount's news is that the servants had all been sent off to Abingdon fair early on the fatal day—Sunday, the eighth of September—by Lady Dudley's own orders, leaving her alone with Mrs. Odingsell, a daughter of the Hyde whose seat in parliament Forster succeeded to, and

Mrs. Owen, wife of Forster's landlord. Of Forster and his wife there is no word. The servants returned in the evening, to find their mistress lying dead in the hall. Nothing more is known. Of Mrs. Odingsell's evidence, or Mrs. Owen's, we have no record. There is no report of the proceedings at the inquest, nor of the verdict. The only authority for the former is the correspondence between Dudley and Blount; we know, from various sources, that the latter, after a long and uneasy inquiry, was one of accidental death; and that the public were not at all satisfied with the result. One or two other things have, however, to be noted. Mention has been made of one Appleyard, sent by Dudley to attend the inquest. John Appleyard was Amy's half brother. He was concerned in some way with the Dudleys in the affair of Lady Jane Grey, after which he disappears till he turns up again at Cumnor. Seven years after the inquest, when the old rumour of the Queen's marriage with Dudley blazed out again, people began to revive the Cumnor scandal. Blount and Appleyard were both summoned before the Council, and notes of the latter's examination exist among the Hatfield manuscripts in Cecil's own handwriting. From these it appears that one of the witnesses swore that, "bringing answer from the Earl of Leicester to Appleyard that he could not help him in his requests as he desired, Appleyard used words of anger, and said amongst other things that he had for the Earl's sake covered the murder of his sister." Appleyard himself swore that he did not believe the Earl to be guilty, but "thought it an easy matter to find out the offender"; he further swore that he had often pressed Dudley to let him take the matter up, but had been always refused on the ground that the jury thought otherwise, although at the time he made his request the verdict had not been given. Subsequently Appleyard, lying in the Fleet prison, withdrew his words, and pro-

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Froude's 'History,' vii. 277-81, also a note, p. 290 on the Simancas Manuscripts.

fessed himself satisfied with the verdict, a copy of which had at his own request been sent to him. Also, there exists in the same volume of manuscripts from which the famous correspondence was extracted, the fragment of an original letter from Blount to Dudley referring to this very examination. In this he much regrets that they could not have spoken together first. This letter appears to be in Blount's own handwriting; it is at any rate in an earlier handwriting than the other letters. Mr. Froude thinks it possible that the latter may be copies garbled for Blount to take before the Council. It is certainly possible, but we are not just now dealing with possibilities. He also says that if Appleyard spoke truth there is no more to be said. Canon Jackson says very triumphantly that Appleyard did not speak truth, because of his recantation, and because of a letter found at Longleat from Sir Henry Nevill to Sir John Thynne, in which Appleyard is said to have confessed before the Star-Chamber that he had spoken falsely and maliciously. But Canon Jackson must have read history somewhat dimly if he does not know that a man brought before the Council for speaking ill of a monarch's favourite was very apt to change his tone. But again there is no *proof* either way. Mr. Froude has really put the case in a nutshell: "If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said." For close upon three hundred years the general opinion has been that Appleyard did speak the truth.<sup>1</sup>

Here, then, all our real knowledge of the case ends. That the shadow of his wife's death, as of so many other evil deeds, never passed away from Robert Dudley during his life, every one with the merest smattering of history knows; that it has hung over his memory since, every one knows. That Messieurs Pettigrew, Adlard, and Jackson have

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Froude's 'History of England,' vii. 283-9.

removed one jot or tittle of it, every one capable of distinguishing between proof and conjecture may, if he choose to read their evidence, know equally well. The suspicion may be cruelly unjust, but that is not the question. Lady Dudley may have taken her own life in a fit of despair, or have died by sheer accident; but again, that is not the question. The charge of these gentlemen—all as honourable as Brutus was, or as they wish to make Leicester and Forster and Varney to have been—is that Sir Walter has grossly falsified history to the prejudice of honest men. Have they proved their charge? That is the question. They have not proved it in a single instance. They have not proved that Lady Dudley was not put out of the way to further her husband's ambition; nor that he was not at least a consenting party; nor that Forster and Varney were not in some way or another partners in their patron's guilt. Where Sir Walter went wrong was known long before any one of them put pen to paper. Of all their more serious charges not one has been verified. They may conjecture, but so might Sir Walter. Like Lucetta, they may think it so, because they think it so; but so might Sir Walter. He may be altogether wrong, but so may they be. It is a sheer question of fact against theory. They have piled up tons of theories to mount up to Sir Walter's throne, but the little ounce of fact wanting to shake him down they have not found. The truth has never come to light, and in all human probability now it never will come. Mr. Pettigrew, it may be, has by this time learned it. But Mr. Adlard and Canon Jackson are with us still. Let us pray them, in all good meaning, to turn, not to 'Kenilworth' again, but to another novel of Sir Walter's; to turn to 'The Antiquary,' and from that delightful book to learn once more the lesson taught on the Kaim of Kinprunes to all antiquaries, *not to publish their tracts till they have examined the thing to the bottom.*

## MRS. DYMOND.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## IN AN EMPTY APARTMENT.

THE house was at the corner of the boulevard and the Rue Lavoisier, near the mortuary chapel which Madame du Parc had once promised to visit with Susy.

In this strange house, with the occasional roar and rush in the boulevard close at hand, the hours passed like some strange nightmare; so slowly, so long, so stifling in their silent oppression, that Susy could scarcely believe that another hour was gone when the gilt clock struck. The apartment belonged to unknown people who had fled hastily, leaving their clothes and their possessions in confusion; shoes and papers, packing cases half packed, a parcel of silver spoons lying on the table. The linen cupboards were open, with the neat piles disordered and over-turned; the clocks were going, but the beds were not made. At first Susy set to work straightening, making order in the confusion, preparing a room for herself, and another for Jo in case he should arrive. She swept and folded and put away, and made the rooms ready for the night. She put by a lady's smart bonnet, a child's pair of little boots. Had she been in any mood to do so, she might have pieced together the story of those to whom the home belonged; but she was dull, wearied out, only wanting news of Jo. As Mrs. Dymond worked on the time passed; then, when the work was done, when she had established herself in one of the two bedrooms, when all was straight, and the linen piled afresh and the doors of the cupboard closed, though the clocks still ticked on, time itself seemed to

stop. She was quite alone now, neither Jo nor Adolphe rejoined her, nor did Max come as he had promised.

The rest of the house was also empty; the *concierge* was down below in his lodge, but except for him no one remained in the sunny tall building lately so alive, so closely packed.

"There was one lady still remaining of all the inhabitants," the *concierge* said, "an English lady—a *dame de charité*, who would not leave her poor; but she was gone away for a day to visit a sick friend."

Susy went down stairs towards evening to ask if no letter had come for her. She even went out, at the porter's suggestion, bareheaded, as people do in France, and bought some milk and some food from an adjoining shop, and then came back to the silent place.

It was a most terrible experience; one which seemed so extraordinary that Mrs. Dymond could hardly believe that it was not all some dream from which she would presently awake. She waited till long past midnight on her bed, and fell asleep at last; but towards four o'clock the sound of the cannon at Montmartre awoke her, and she sat up on the bed listening with a beating heart. There was a crucifix at the foot of the bed; in her natural terror and alarm it seemed to her that the figure on the crucifix looked up in the early dawn. There was a picture beneath the crucifix of a Madonna with a burning heart. A longing, an unutterable longing came to poor Susanna for her own mother Mary's tender, comforting, loving arms round her own aching heart—surely it was on fire too. How lonely she felt, how deserted. Max might have come

last night, as he promised. It seemed to Susy that she understood now for the first time what the secret of Mary Marney's life had been; a secret that Susy herself had learnt so unwillingly, so passionately, so late in life's experience. If she had had any one to speak to, everything might have seemed less vaguely terrible. As she was listening with a beating heart came a sound from without, that of a drum beating with a measured yet hurried roll; the rattle came closer and closer, and finally stopped under her very window. She started from the bed and ran and looked out. The dawn had just touched the opposite houses, another shutter opened, then a door creaked, and a man ran out hastily buttoning his clothes; then a second stood in the door-way in shirt-sleeves, but he did not move. Then the drum rolled away again, and with two men only following, passed down the street to the boulevard. The sound came fainter and more hopeless. Then the distant cannon began to boom again, and some carts with soldiers galloped by.

Susy stood helplessly looking from her window. Already the inhabitants of Paris were awake, and receiving the sun, as it at last dispelled the heavy morning fogs, with loud cries of "*Vive la République.*" Drink was being distributed among the National Guards assembled in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Many of the bewildered soldiers, who had been poured into the town all the preceding days, were looking on and sharing in these festivities. Others, who had been out all night, were still wandering about the streets asking the passers-by where they were to go for shelter. A band of armed patriots, crossing the Place de la Concorde, were shouting out "*A Versailles!*" with the same enthusiasm with which their predecessors had cried "*A Berlin!*" a few months before. Others, whom they met along the road, take up the cry; the women assembling in the streets and doorways were uttering fiercer, vaguer threats of vengeance

against tyrants, against Versailles, and the police, and, indeed, before many hours had passed the first of their unhappy victims was being hunted to his death along the Rue des Martyrs. Alas! he was but the first of the many who were to follow, and whose nobler blood was destined to flow upon those cruel stones.

Reading the papers of those days we see that an imposing deputation was preparing to visit the Place de la Bastille, carrying a red Phrygian flag before it; that the new self-elected government was gloriously proclaiming the "Perfect Unity, and Liberty entire and complete," of which we have already heard so much; that the people of Paris had shaken off the despotism which had sought to crush it to the ground. "Calm and impassive in its force, it was standing (so say Billcoray, Varlin, Jourde, Ch. Lullier, Blanchet, Pougeret, &c., &c.) and uncontestedly proving a patriotism equal to the height of present circumstances."

What were all these echoes to Susy at her window, looking out with her heavy anxious heart? Jo! Max! where were they? what were they about? Ah! would these terrible hours never pass?

She dressed very early, lit a fire, and prepared a meal with the tin of milk which she had bought the day before. It was an unutterable relief to hear the door-bell ring about eight o'clock in the morning. She found the *concierge* outside bringing up water from the pump below, and a note which had been left very early in the morning before he was up. Susy tore it open. The note was in Max's writing; it had no beginning nor date, but its news was fresh life to poor Susy. It was in English. "I have tidings of Jo. Marney, by good fortune, heard of him, and sent me word. He is in custody, and I have gone after him, and hope to bring him back safe to you. Meet us to-day at one o'clock at the Station, by which you came. Adolphe will come

and conduct you safely there.—M. DU P.”

Susy burst into tears of relief, and sank into a chair. The *concierge* looked on compassionately at *la petite dame* as he called her, carried his pails into the kitchen, and returned on tiptoe, so as to show his friendly sympathy. How the morning passed Mrs. Dymond could scarcely have told; at twelve o'clock Adolphe appeared with a porter's knot upon his strong shoulders to carry her bag and her parcel of shawls. He had been vexed to fail her the night before; he was coming off when a messenger from du Parc had met him with a parcel of letters, which he had been obliged to deliver. He had been about till one o'clock at night. “It was a real *corvée*,” said Adolphe.

“But it was apparently in your service, madame,” said he, politely. “It is necessary in these days to make one's plans beforehand, and if people won't agree to reason, you must use a little compulsion.”

Susy did not understand very well what he was saying. She walked by his side, questioning him about Max and Jo. He could tell her very little, except that du Parc had sent him on these errands. As they were walking along, side by side, suddenly a quiet-looking woman in a white cap and black dress crossed the street, and came up and caught Susy by the hand.

“Oh!” she said, “why do you stay here? You are English. What do you do here? It is not your home. Go home, go home; you don't know what dangers are about you here.” Then she pushed Susy, and hurried on wildly.

“Curious woman,” says Adolphe, imperturbably. “She is not so far wrong. Come, madame, we must not be too late. There don't seem to be many people left anywhere,” he said, looking about him.

“How strangely empty the streets are,” said Mrs. Dymond. “The railway *place* is quite deserted, and the station, too, looks shut.”

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## AT THE TERMINUS.

THE station was shut, the doors and windows seemed closely barred, but as they looked they saw a side-door which was held cautiously ajar. Adolphe kicked with his foot, and in a minute they were let in. . . Within was a strange scene of crowded confusion and excitement—baggage in piles, people in groups clinging together, women wringing their hands and weeping, men gesticulating. In one of the waiting-rooms there was a crowd round a wounded man, in another a woman in hysterics.

“Did you see nothing?” cried half a dozen voices as Susy entered, following Adolphe.

“We saw nothing at all; we met nobody anywhere,” said he. “What is the matter with you all?”

Then they were told by a dozen voices of a fight which had taken place only a few minutes before in the open *place* outside the station. Some of the Federal prisoners were being brought up to the station to be taken to Versailles to be judged. It was a grave affair. They were accused of participation in the murder of the generals. The Federals had made a desperate attempt to deliver their men from the hands of the escort. The escort had driven off the attack, and fought its way into the station. The prisoners were all now safely shut up in the railway carriages and doubly guarded; the Federals had retreated—whether for good, or whether they had only gone for reinforcements, it was impossible to say. Adolphe's face fell, though he tried to look pleased.

“They are all on a wrong scent,” cries a man in his shirt-sleeves. “They have got hold of Papa Caron among others who never touched a fly. I saw the man who struck down Clemert Thomas. I should know him again. He is not one of these. The old man was lying on the ground; they struck

him down with the butt-end of their guns."

There was a murmur of horror all round, as the narrator, a natural dramatist, as most Frenchmen are, threw up his arms and re-acted the dreadful scene. Susy turned sick with horror.

"Your train will be starting in about ten minutes," Adolphe was beginning to say, when suddenly his tone changes. "Take care! take care! this way, madame," cries Adolphe, suddenly thrusting himself before her. "Up! up! on the seat!"

With a sudden cry the crowd began to sway, to fly in every direction; the great centre door of the station trembled under the blows which were being struck from without. There was a brief parley from a window, a man standing on a truck began to shout—

"Let them in! They want to deliver the prisoners! They will hurt nobody."

A woman close by screamed and fainted. As Susy was stooping and helping to pull her up upon the bench the two great folding doors suddenly burst open, letting in the light, and a file of Federal soldiers marching in step and military order. Adolphe, who had thrust Susy into a corner of the *salle*, now helped to raise the fainting woman, with Susy's assistance, as she stood on the bench out of the rush of the crowd, while Adolphe and his *hotte* made a sort of rampart before them.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "no one will fight; the prisoners' escort will see it is no use making a stand against such numbers. Pardie, they are off!" he cried excitedly, for as he spoke the engine outside gave a shrill whistle and started off upon the lines. Susy, from her place by the window, could see the train slowly steaming out of the station. There was a wild shout from the spectators. What was it that Susy also saw through the barred window by which she stood (half a dozen other heads below were crowding against the panes which looked to the platform)? She saw a figure, surely

it was familiar to her, it could be none other than Max who was flying down the lines to the signal posts, and in another minute the train, still snorting and puffing, began to slacken speed, then finally stopped, then backed, then stopped again.

"The danger signals are all up. They don't dare advance!" cried some of the men at the window.

"That is it, *bien trouvé*. Look out, madame. What do you see?" cried Adolphe eagerly from below.

Meanwhile the detachment of Federals, still in good order, still advancing, came on, lining the centre of the hall, spreading out through the door on to the side of the platform along which the Versailles train had started. There was a second platform on the other side of the station from which Susy's own train to Rouen and Havre was also making ready to start. It was curious to note how methodically common life went on in the midst of these scares and convulsions. Suddenly Susy, with a sinking, sickening heart, realised that the moment for her own time of departure had almost come; again she thought of Max's note and of its promise. Alas! alas! it was not carried out—no Jo was there. If she went, she must go alone! It was all too rapid for her to formulate either her fear or her hope. Presently there was a fresh stir among the crowd, and a functionary's voice was heard shouting "Passengers for Rouen and Havre *en voiture*!"

"You see it is all right!" said Adolphe, cheerfully. "You had better go, madame; I will wait here in case your son should come, to send him after you. He is big enough to travel alone," said the young man, nodding to reassure her, though he looked very pale, and his face belied his words.

She was in utter perplexity; she knew not what to do—what to determine; of one thing and one only was she sure, Max had promised to find Jo, to save him, and he would keep his word. Yes! it would be better to go on; her

presence was but an incumbrance; Max could help Jo; that much she knew; what could she do but add to their perplexities. The fainting woman was already revived as Susy sprang down from the bench with Adolphe's help, and as she did so she heard another shout, a loud cheer. The crowd swayed. Between the ranks of the soldiers came the triumphant procession of Federals with their red scarves, returning from the platform, and at the head of it Caron borne in triumph on some of his own workmen's shoulders. Half-a-dozen liberated prisoners were marching after him, shouting wildly and tossing hats and handkerchiefs.

Caron, who had been a prisoner among the rest, was smiling, undisturbed and quiet as ever, and bowing and softly waving his hat. To be safe mattered little to him, but his heart was overflowing with grateful pride and pleasure at the manner of his release; the rally of his friends, the determination with which his workmen had united to defend him against his enemies filled his heart with peaceful content.

Mrs. Dymond, speechless, open-eyed, was still looking after him with breathless interest and surprise, when her own turn came, her own release from cruel suspense. A hand was laid on her shoulder, she was hugged in two strong arms and fairly lifted off the ground, and Jo, grinning, delighted, excited and free, was by her side once more.

"I am going back with you, Mrs. Dymond," said he; "it's all right. I've got my return ticket."

"He has given us trouble enough!" cries Max, coming up behind him breathless and excited too. "For heaven's sake carry him off at once now you have got him. It is time you were in the train. The troops may be upon us again."

"I was safe all through," said Jo, "but we know, Mrs. Dymond, Caron has enemies. Lucky for us, Max remembered the danger signals."

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All the time Jo spoke du Parc was hurrying Susanna along towards the platform from which the Rouen train was starting. It was approached by a turnstile, where they were met by an excited functionary who let Jo and his return ticket through the turnstile, but angrily opposed the passage of Adolphe and the parcels. It was no use waiting to discuss the matter; the man was terribly excited, and time was pressing.

"Take the bag and find some places," Max cried, handing the things over the barrier to Jo.

Susy paused for one minute. "Good-bye, Adolphe," she said; "I shall never forget your kindness—never, never." Then she raised her eyes, looking steadily into du Parc's face. All the passing flush of success was gone from it. He was drawing his breath heavily; he looked anxious, harassed. Susy, too, was very pale, and she held by the wooden barrier.

"I—I can't leave you in this horrible place," she said passionately. "How *can* I say good-bye!" and as she spoke she burst into uncontrollable tears.

He took her in his arms, then and there, before them all—who cared!—who had time to speculate upon their relations?

"I shall come to you; don't say good-bye," he said; "we are not parting," and he held her close and breathless to his beating heart, and then in a moment more he had put her away with gentle strength, and pushed her through the gate. The wooden turnstile was between them, his pale face was immediately lost in the sway of the crowd; she found herself roughly hurried along; thrust into the first open carriage. Jo leapt in after her; the door was banged. There were other people in the carriage—some sobbing, some talking incoherently, all excited, exasperated, incoherent. "*C'est trop! c'est trop!*" one man was shrieking over and over again. "I can bear no more. I am going—yes, I am

going!" Another young fellow sat with his face in his hands, sobbing. Jo was very silent, and sat for a long time staring at his fellow travellers. It was not till they reached Rouen, and the reassuring German helmets came round about the carriage windows asking what had happened in Paris, that he began to talk to Susy—that he gave her any details of his escape and his captivity. He had met Caron that morning after he left them at the villa, and was walking with him from the station, when they were both suddenly arrested, with a young man who had only joined them a few minutes before. They were not allowed a word. They were hurried off, and all three locked up in a guard-house, where they were kept during the two days. Late on the afternoon of the second day they were moved to a second *corps de garde*. On their way from one place to another they fortunately passed Marney in the street. "I shouted to him," said Jo, "for I knew he would let you know, and I knew he had been at work, when Caron received a message through one of the soldiers—they were most of them half Federals—that we were to be rescued. I don't think he or I were in very much danger," Jo added, "but the third man had been a soldier, and would have been shot, so Caron told me afterwards. He was a fine fellow—half an Englishman; they called him Russell, or some such name."

"Oh! Jo, I have got *you* safe," said Susy, beginning to cry again. "I can't think—I can't speak—I can't feel any more."

"Why should you?" said Jo, practically. "Give me your ticket, for fear you should lose it," and then he settled himself comfortably to sleep in his corner, smiled at her, and pulled down the blind. Susy could not rest; she sat mechanically watching the green plains and poplar trees flying past the window. She was nervously unhinged by the events of the last two days; the strain had been very great. She longed to get back to silence, to

home, to the realisation of that one moment of absolute relief. She felt as if she could only rest again with Phraïsie in her arms, only thus bear the renewed suspense, the renewed anxiety. But she knew at the same time, with grateful, indescribable relief, that her worst trouble was even over now, though prison bars, distance, a nation's angry revenge, lay between her and that which seemed so great a portion of her future life.

They reached home on the evening of the second day. The carriage was waiting at the station with Phraïsie in it. The drive did Susy good after all these tragic, distorted days, during which she had been living this double life. Little Phraïsie in her arms was her best comforter, her best peace-maker. A gentle wind blew in her face, a gentle evening burnt away in quiet gleams, the sky was so grey, so broken; the soft golden gates of the west were opening wide, and seemed to call to weary spirits to enter into the realms of golden peace. The hedges on either side were white with the garlands of spring. The dogs, who had been set loose, came barking to meet them, as the wheels turned in at the familiar home gates. The servants appeared eager to welcome. Jo silently gave the reins into the coachman's hand, and sprang down and handed out his stepmother with something of his father's careful courtesy. Little Phraïsie woke up bright, delighted to be in her mother's arms once more and at home; she went running from room to room. It was home, Susy felt, and not only home but a kind tender home, full of a living past, with a sense of the kindness that was not dead.

Phraïsie was put to bed; dinner was laid in the library for the young man and his stepmother. Jo sat still silent, revolving many things in his mind. From a stripling he had grown to be a man in the last few weeks. His expedition, his new experience, Tempy's marriage, his own responsibility—all these things had

sobered him, and made him realise the importance of the present, of conduct, of other people's opinion.

"Here we are beginning our life together again, Mrs. Dymond," said he at last. "We get on very well, don't we?"

"Very well, dear Jo," Susy said, smiling, "until some one who has more right to be here than I have comes to live at the Place."

"What are you talking about!" says Jo, blushing up. "I don't mean to marry for years to come, if that is what you mean."

"Ah, my dear," said Susy, with some emotion, "make no promises; you do not know; you cannot foretell. One can never foretell."

He looked hard at her. He guessed that Susy had not come back to them as she went away. She turned a little pale when she saw his eyes fixed upon her. It seemed to her as if her story must be written in her face. She might have told him—she need not have been ashamed—but she felt as if his father's son was no proper confidant.

Long after Jo had gone to bed she sat by the dying fire, living over and over those terrible days, those strange momentous hours.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### CARON.

WE must refer those of our readers who take any interest in the subsequent adventures of Max and his contemporaries to the pages of the *Daily Velocipede* for some account of those days which followed Susy's departure from Paris. Marny's eloquent pen, dipped in dynamite and gunpowder, flashing with flame and sensation, became remarked beyond the rest, and brought readers by hundreds to his paper. He was everywhere, saw everything, so graphic were his descriptions, so minute, so full of enthusiasm, that it was impossible for more experienced newspaper readers than Susy to say how much he wrote

from his own observation, or what hearsay legends he translated into his own language, which, whatever its merits or demerits, did not lack in vividness. Susy scanned the columns day by day with anxious eyes for more and more news. She found so much that she was almost bewildered by it, and scarcely knew what to believe; as for direct intelligence of Max, scarcely any came to her, though Madame sent letters from time to time from her farm at Avignon. But Madame's letters chiefly described her olive trees, her cow, her pig, her eggs, and her tomatoes. Max delayed; he did not rejoin her as she had hoped he might have done; he left her to do it all, to engage the man, to contract with the hotels for her eggs and butter. Susy wrote to Madame from time to time, telling her about little Phraïsie and the two boys, who were doing well at their school. In one letter Susy also described a domestic event, of which the news had reached Tarndale soon after her return from Paris. Uncle Peregrine Bolsover had died suddenly from the effects of a snake bite. He had left no will, but Charlie became undisputed heir to the Bolsover estates, and Uncle Bob now transferred to him the allowance which Peregrine had hitherto enjoyed; but this news did not interest Madame du Parc in the least. The price of butter had fallen, and her mind was preoccupied by more present contingencies.

As the events multiplied in France, as the storms raged more and more fiercely, those who had remained, hoping to stem the waves, felt every day more helpless; the sea was too rough, the evil blasts too high—what voice could be heard? What orders could prevail? Captains and leaders were powerless now. For the first time Caron lost courage and confidence. The murder of the hostages seemed like a death blow to the dear old man who could not believe in the wickedness of men whom he had trusted and lived with all his threescore years, during

which he himself, though he did not know it, had been as a hostage for good and for truth among the angry and the ignorant people. He moped, his blue eyes were dim, his steps were slow. Max hardly recognised him one day when he met him coming out of his own doorway in the Rue de Bac. He was carrying some letters to a post-office hard by; he seemed glad to take du Parc's strong arm.

"I am tired; I feel ill," he said. "I feel disgraced and utterly ashamed; this is no liberty, no republic any more. This is tyranny, monstrous wickedness; these crimes of the brutal ignorant have only the excuse of ignorance. If I, if others before me, had done our simplest duty in life, such blank ignorance would not now exist."

Max felt his heart sore for his old friend. He himself had hoped less of his fellow-creatures; he was more angry and less crushed than Caron.

"If these brutes had listened to your teaching," he said, trying to cheer him, "and to that of sensible men, it might have all turned differently. They will still have to learn before they can cease to be brutes."

"I have no more strength to teach," said Caron. "Max, do you know that I have left you all—all my theories, my failures, my ineptitudes, my realities, *mes chères vérités*," he said. "You must make the best use you can of it all. You can ask for the memoranda and papers. I gave them to your friend, *la douce* Susanne. They will be for you and your children, my dear son. If you escape from this terrible catastrophe, go to her. I think that with her you will find happiness."

Max, greatly touched, pressed his old friend's arm. "One can scarcely look forward," he said, "from one hour to another, but you have guessed rightly; if happier times ever come for me, they could only be with her."

Caron's eyes lighted up.

"That is well," he said, with a bright smile. Then, giving him the letters, "I had been about to post

them," he said. "Will you leave them for me? They will be safer if they go by hand. You have done me good," he added. "I shall return home quietly."

Max left him at the turn of the street.

Is it chance, is it solemn fatality—by what name is one to call that flash of fate suddenly falling upon men as they journey on their way, which falls, without warning, irrevocable, undreamt of, rending the veil of life for ever?

While Caron turned slowly homewards to his quiet study, where old Madelaine was at work against his return, a mad crowd had gathered in an adjoining street, and was pursuing with cruel rage a wretched victim who flew along a narrow alley, and came rushing across the pavement upon which Caron was walking.

The victim, a *gendarme*, torn, wounded, bleeding in the temples, ran straight against Caron, and fell helpless at his knees, pursued by the yelling mob.

The old man seemed suddenly roused to a young man's strength of indignation, and flung himself before the victim.

"Stop!" he cried to the mob. "What are you doing? I am Caron. You know me. Let this man pass!"

For a moment, startled by his voice, his fearless, commanding look, they hung back; but out of the crowd a huge, half drunk communist came striding up, and putting out his hand with a tipsy chuckle tried to pull forward the poor fainting wretch.

Caron pulled an official scarf from his pocket, and holding it up in his left hand, struck the man in the face with it.

"That man is drunk," Caron cried, appealing to the crowd; "and you, people—you let yourselves be led by such as he?"

The people looked at the scarf, hesitated, began to murmur and make way, but the drunken leader, still chuckling and stupid, seized the miserable victim again.

"Let him go, I tell you," said Caron. "It is the will of the people."

"Silence! or I shoot you too!" cried the brute, pulling out a pistol, and aiming it at the fainting heap upon the pavement.

With the natural impulse of one so generous, the old man sprang forward to turn the arm, but he was too late. The pistol went off, and Caron fell back, silent, indeed, and for ever.

The murderer, half-sobered, stood with his pistol confronting them all, as Caron had done a moment before, and then began to back slowly. The crowd wavered, and suddenly dispersed.

"Silence!" cry the blasphemers to those who from generation to generation, by love, by work, by their very being, testify to the truth. And the good man dies in his turn, but the truth he loved lives on. "There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them, their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world."

Susanna was spared the shock of reading this cruel story in the paper. Marney wrote to her, telling her of the event as he had heard it, simply, and without the comments he afterwards added in print.

To the papers this was but an incident in those awful times; the readers of M. Maxime du Camp's terrible volumes will find many and many such noted there; they will also find an episode curiously like one in which Max du Parc was (according to the *Daily Velocipede*) concerned, and which happened during the last of those terrible nights in which the flames raged and fought on the tide of madness in furious might and irresponsibility. "Was this the end of it—of the visions of that gentle old teacher of a gospel which was for him, and not for frenzied demons and desperate madmen?" thought Max, as he tried a short cut across the Carrousel, round which the flames were leaping madly.

The gate into the Tuileries, by which he had come with Susanna once, was closed: he had to turn back and fight his way along the crowds and the ramparts of the Rue de Rivoli again, to the Ministère de la Marine, whither he was bound. Some weeks before, Caron's influence had appointed Max to some subordinate place under the Commune in the Ministère de la Marine. In his first natural fury and grief at his old friend's death, du Parc's first impulse had been to wash his hands of the whole thing, the guilt and the wicked confusion, and to come away with the rest; then came the remembrance of that life-long lesson of forbearance and tenacity; that strange sense—which some men call honour only—awoke; that will which keeps men at their guns, fighting for an unworthy cause in the front of an overwhelming force. Was it also some feeling of honest trust in himself which impelled Caron's disciple to stand to his post? He remained; protesting, shrewdly using every chance for right. He had been to the Central Committee now to protest in vain against the destruction of the building; it was full of sick people. He represented the lower rooms were used as hospital wards. "The sick people must be moved," yelled the chiefs; the fiat had gone forth. The Versaillais had reached the Rondpoint of the Champs Elysées; they should find Paris a heap of charred remains before they entered her streets.

Max got back through the wild Saturnalia of the streets, where dishevelled women were dancing round the flames, and men, yelling and drunken, were howling out that the last day had come; he reached the Ministère at last, to find that a band of men were smearing the walls and staircases with petroleum, in readiness for the firing; while down below, with infinite pains and delays, the sick were being slowly moved from their shelter into the street. In vain the communists swore and raged at the

delay ; slowly, and more slowly, did the doctor and his nurses get through their arduous work. Max saw at a glance what was in their minds—to delay long enough was to save the place, for the Versaillais were within a quarter of an hour's march, and once they were there all danger would be over. "Good God!" said the poor doctor in an undertone, wiping his perspiring brow; "why don't they come on? Will they wait till Doomsday?"

Max shrugged his shoulders as he went on, looking in for a moment at the band of incendiaries sitting gloomily drinking in a small room or office, where they were awaiting their summons, and the news that the hospital wards were evacuated.

Du Parc climbed on, and went and stood upon a flat terrace on the roof, from which he could see the heavens alight with the lurid glare of the flames now bursting from every side. To the right the Rue Royale was burning; to the left, on the other side of the waters, which repeated the flames, the whole of the Rue de Lille was in a blaze. Close at hand the offices of the Finance were burning; the Tuileries were an ocean of flame. At his feet was the Place de la Concorde, silent, deserted, covered with wrecks, with broken statues and monuments; beyond the Place de la Concorde lay the sombre green of the Champs Elysées, showing here and there some faintly twinkling bivouac fire.

Suddenly, as he looked, his brain reeled, then he put his hands to his head, and tears came into his eyes and seemed to save him. The clock below struck the hour; for a moment he hesitated, then his resolution was taken. He made certain observations, and down the stairs by which he had come hurried back. When he reached the door of the room where the Communists were still sitting, he passed his fingers through his hair; he tore open his shirt; he had deliberately smeared his hands in some black

cinders lying in a heap on the roof, and with his fingers he now blackened his face, and flinging violently open the door, hurried in, crying out the terrible pass-word of those sad times, "We are betrayed! We are betrayed! The Versaillais are upon us; they have surrounded us. Stop not; that way I will lead you," he cried, as the men rose half scared, half drunk, looking for an exit. "Follow me," he cried, flying up the stairs once more, and turning by the upper passages to the lofts and back garrets, he left them, promising to return. Shutting a heavy door upon them, he double-locked them in. When he hurried down to the ground floor, he found that three wounded men only were lying on the ground, ready to be carried out.

"You can take your time," he said to the doctor; "the incendiaries are up stairs, under lock and key."

The doctor immediately gave the word to his assistants, and the wounded, who had been carried out with infinite pain and patience, were now brought back again, and were there in their places when the Versaillais marched in an hour later.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### IN A TOY SHOP.

WHEN the flames were extinguished, when the great panic was subsiding, then came the day of reprisals, and the unhappy Parisians, who, after enduring so much with patience, had broken out in their madness, now fell under the scourge once more. Perhaps nothing during the war, not even the crazed monstrosities of the desperate commune, has ever been more heart-breaking to hear of than the accounts of the cold-blooded revenge of the Versaillais.

Again we must refer our readers to the *Daily Velocipede*, in the columns of which Max was reported to be among the condemned prisoners, but Susy was surprised and reassured by an ambiguous letter, which reached

her at Crowbeck Place, from no less well-informed a person than Mr. Bagginal of the English embassy.

"I have executed your commission," so it began. (Susy had not given Mr. Bagginal any commission, and she turned the letter over in some surprise.) "I am sending you the photographs of the ruins and of Paris, that you wished for in its present changed aspect. I hope also to have some pen-and-ink etchings to forward at the same time. They are by our companion of last year, who has been doing some very good work lately, though he complains of the light of his present studio; he hopes, however, to be able to remove before long to some more commodious quarters. If you should like any more of the drawings, you can always order them from a toy-shop in the Brompton Road, which I believe you and Miss Phraise are sometimes in the habit of patronising. Pray present my compliments to that young lady, and tell her I shall bring over some bonbons when I next come. They are making them now of chocolate, in the shape of cannon balls and of shells, filled with vanille creams, which I assure you are excellent. Believe me, dear Mrs. Dymond, always most faithfully yours,

"C. E. BAGGINAL."

The photographs arrived by the next post, and with them a sketch of the well-remembered studio in the villa, and another very elaborately-finished drawing of a dark box-room in Mr. Bagginal's lodgings, where the artist must have spent a good many hours; the third drawing was a slight sketch of the little shop front in the Brompton Road, with Mrs Barry's name over the doorway. Susy recognised it at once, for she had been there and had often heard of the place from Max himself.

Two days afterwards Susy, with Caron's packet in her hand, was driving along Knightsbridge towards the little shop in a strangely anxious and excited frame of mind.

It seemed to her as if all the toys were feeling for her as she stood there—the dolls with their goggle blue eyes, the little donkeys and horses, the sheep with their pink and blue ribbons. They all seemed compassionate and to be making mute signs; she saw the little trumpets in their places and the sugar-candy stores; she could have bought up the whole shopful, but the little assemblage would not have seemed the same to her in any other place. Here in the suburban street, with the carts passing and repassing, hospitals, buildings, the quiet little shop haunted by the children's smiling faces seemed to shrink away from the busy stream outside; all the dolls seemed to put up their leather arms in deprecation, crying, "Don't come in here, we belong to peaceful toy-land, we have to do with children only, not with men." The woman who kept the shop had left the parlour door open, and Susy could see the window and the old London garden beyond, the square panes with autumn creepers peeping through.

The woman of the shop came out from her parlour, and Susy with faltering lips asked her if she could give her any news of M. du Parc. "I have some papers which I want to send him," said Mrs. Dymond.

"I will call him, ma'am," said the woman very quietly; "he came last night;" and almost as she was speaking the door opened and Max was there.

Clap your pink arms, oh goggle eyes: play, musical boxes; ring, penny trumpets; turn, cart wheels, and let the happy lovers meet!

Two more people are made happy in this care-worn world; they are together, and what more do they want!

Du Parc had escaped, although his name was on the list of those attainted. Mr. Bagginal could, perhaps, if he chose, give the precise details of the young man's evasion from the box room where he had spent so many dull days. Mr. Bagginal sent him with a letter to Mr. Vivian, that good friend

of art and liberty. I know not if it was Sir Frederick, or Sir George, or Sir John to whom he, Mr. Vivian, in turn introduced du Parc on his arrival, with cordial deeds and words of help and recommendation. He was bidden to leave his toy shop and take up his abode with the Vivians for a time, and work and make his way in the London world. His admirable etchings of Mrs. Vivian and her two daughters first brought him into notice and repute: they were followed by the publication of that etching already mentioned of a beautiful young woman gazing at a statue. Du Parc was able, fortunately, to earn from the very first; later he had more money than he knew what to do with. Mr. White more than once had occasion to acknowledge with thanks communications which passed between Max and Susy and his own particular branch of the society for the organisation of the relief of distress.

The papers, of which he had not at first realised the importance, and which Susanna brought him, contained, besides many theories and verses half finished, a duly signed will which very materially affected Max's future prospects. Caron had left him his heir and executor, his trustee for his works and his men. It is true the old man's fortune had been greatly reduced by late events and by the expenses of his establishment, but his houses were standing still, his machinery and his workshops were still there—most of

the workmen had clung to the enterprise in which they had a personal stake—and though it was not possible for Max, an unwilling exile, to return to France, yet Adolphe was found capable and able to replace him for the time on the spot. Mickey and Dermey, it was hoped, would be in time able to take their share in the management of the works.

When the general amnesty was proclaimed about four years ago Max was once more free to return to France. Susy, most certainly would not like to leave England altogether, but she is glad to go from time to time to the White House among the poplar trees in the little village near the paper mills. "Les Saules" is a happy meeting house for her English friends, and there upon the iron bench by the shining glass ball in the garden sits old Madame du Parc from Avignon admiring her northern grandchildren.

They come up in a little file headed by Phraisie, who is perhaps also dragging a little Bolsover by the hand. They are laughing and singing as they come along—

"Promenons-nous dans les bois,  
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas ;"

sing the children's voices taking up that song of childhood and innocent joy which reaches from generation to generation, which no sorrow, no disaster, will ever silence while this world rolls on.

# OLD FLORENCE AND MODERN TUSCANY.

"Florence within her ancient limit-mark,  
Which calls her still to matin prayers and  
noon,  
Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.  
She had no amulet, no head-tires then,  
No purpled dames; no zone, that caught  
the eye  
More than the person did. Time was not  
yet,  
When at his daughters' births the sire  
grew pale,  
For fear the age and dowry should exceed,  
On each side, just proportion. House was  
none,  
Void of its family; nor yet had come  
Sardanapalus to exhibit feats  
Of chamber prowess. Montemalo yet  
O'er our suburban turret rose; as much  
To be surpast in fall, as in its rising.  
I saw Bellincione Berti walk abroad  
In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone;  
And, with no artificial colouring on her  
cheeks,  
His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw  
Of Nerli, and of Vecchio, well content  
With unrobed jerkin; and their good  
dames handling  
The spindle and the flax. Oh, happy,  
they!"

Thus writes Dante, in the 'Paradise'  
about the sobriety and simplicity of  
dress and manners in Florence of his  
day; and nearly a century later  
G. Villani writes:

"The citizens of Florence lived soberly, on  
coarse viands and at small cost; they were  
rude and unpolished in many customs and  
courtesies of life, and dressed themselves and  
their women in coarse cloth; many wore plain  
leather, without cloth over it; bonnets on  
their heads; and all, boots on their feet. The  
Florentine women were without ornament;  
the better sort being content with a close  
gown of scarlet cloth of Ypres or of camlet,  
tied with a girdle in the ancient mode, and a  
mantle lined with fur, with a hood attached  
to be worn on the head. The common sort of  
women were clad in a coarse gown of cambrai  
in like fashion."

Things appear to have changed soon  
after this, as the sage old Florentines  
drew up a series of sumptuary laws in  
1415, directed against the luxury and  
splendour of women's dress and of  
marriage festivals. They declared

that such magnificence was opposed  
to all republican laws and usages, and  
only served to enervate and corrupt  
the people. If a citizen of Florence  
wished to give an entertainment in  
honour of a guest, he was obliged to  
obtain a permit from the Priors of  
Liberty, for which he paid ten golden  
florins, and had also to swear that such  
splendour was only exhibited for the  
honour and glory of the city. Who-  
ever transgressed this law was fined  
twenty-five golden florins. It was  
considered shameful to have much  
plate; nearly all household implements  
were of brass, now and then beautified  
by having the arms of the family in  
enamel upon them. These sumptuary  
laws were not confined to Florence.  
The town of Pistoja enacted similar  
ones in 1322; Perugia in 1333.  
Phillipe le Bel promulgated sumptuary  
laws in France in 1310; Charles the  
Ninth in 1575; and Louis the Thir-  
teenth in 1614; but with no greater  
success than the worthy old repub-  
licans.

Pandolfini, in his curious book,  
'Del Governo della Famiglia,' inveighs  
against the Florentine custom of paint-  
ing the face. In his counsels to his  
young wife, Giovanna degli Strozzi,  
he says:

"Avoid all those false appearances by  
which dishonest and bad women try to allure  
men, thinking with ointments, white lead and  
paint, with lascivious and immoral dress, to  
please men better than when adorned with  
simplicity and true honesty. Not only is this  
reprehensible, but it is most unwholesome  
to corrupt the face with lime, poisons, and so-  
called washes. See, oh, my wife, how fresh  
and well-looking are all the women of this  
house! This is because they use only water  
from the well as an ointment; do thou like-  
wise, and do not plaster and whiten thy face,  
thinking to appear more beautiful in my eyes.  
Thou art fresh and of a fine colour; think not  
to please me by cheaterly and showing thyself  
to me as thou art not, because I am not to be  
deceived; I see thee at all hours, and well I  
know how thou art without paint."

The Florentine ladies appear to have held their own against all these attempts to convert them to a simpler mode of life. Schetti gives an amusing instance of their ready wit, while he was Prior of the Republic. A new judge, Amerigo degli Amerighi, came from Pesaro, and was specially ordered to see that the sumptuary laws were obeyed; he fell into disgrace for doing too little, and his defence is as follows:

"My masters, I have worked all my life at the study of law, and now that I thought I knew something I find I know nothing; for trying to discover the forbidden ornaments worn by your women, according to the orders you gave me, I have not found in any law-book arguments such as they give. I will cite you some. I met a woman with a border, all curiously ornamented and slashed, turned over her hood; the notary said to her, 'Give me your name, for you have an embroidered border.' The good woman takes off the border, which was attached to her hood with a pin, and holding it in her hand, replies that it is a garland. There are others who wear many buttons down the front of their dresses; I say to one, 'You may not wear those buttons,' and she answers, 'Yes, sir, I can, for these are not buttons, but *coppelle*, and if you do not believe me, see, they have no haft, and there are no buttonholes.' The notary goes up to a third, who was wearing ermine, and says, 'How can you excuse yourself, you are wearing ermine,' and begins to write the accusation. The woman replies, 'No, do not write, for this is not ermine but *lattizzo* (fur of any young sucking animal).' The notary asked, 'And what is this *lattizzo*?' And the woman's answer was, 'The man is a fool!'"

The widows seem to have given less trouble; but they always took care that their dresses should be well cut and fit perfectly.

Philosophers, of course, wrote treatises on political economy, and poets satirised the different fashions of their times. Thus, in Lodovico Adimari, we read:

"The high-born dame now plasters all her cheeks  
With paint by shovelfuls, and in curled rings  
Or tortuous tresses twines her hair, and seeks  
To shave with splintered glass the down that springs  
On her smooth face and soft skin, till they seem

The fairest, tenderest of all tender things:  
Rouge and vermillion make her red lips beam  
Like rubies burning on the brow divine  
Of heaven-descended Iris: jewels gleam  
About her breasts, embroidered on the shrine  
Of satins, silks, and velvets: like the snails,  
A house in one dress on her back she trails."<sup>1</sup>

Cennino Cennini, a painter and pupil of Agnolo Gaddi, the godson of Giotto, says, in his *Treatise on Painting*:

"It might be for the service of young ladies, more especially those of Tuscany, to mention some colours which they think highly of, and use for beautifying themselves; and also certain washes. But as those of Padua do not use such things, and I do not wish to make myself obnoxious to them, or to incur the displeasure of God and of Our Lady, so I shall say no more on this subject. But," he continues, "if thou desirest to preserve thy complexion for a long time, I advise thee to wash thyself with water from fountains, rivers, or wells. I warn thee that if thou usest cosmetics thy face will become hideous and thy teeth black; thou wilt be old before thy time, and the ugliest object possible. This is quite enough to say on this subject."

Cennini seems, notwithstanding, to have been employed to paint peoples faces, if we may judge from the following passage in the same work:—

"Sometimes you may be obliged to paint or dye flesh, faces of men and women in particular. You can mix your colours with yolk of egg; or should you wish to make them more brilliant, with oil, or liquid varnish, the strongest of all *temperus*. Do you want to remove the colours or *tempera* from the face? Take yolk of egg and rub it, a little at a time, with your hand on the face. Then take clean water, in which bran has been boiled, and wash the face; then more of the yolk of egg, and again rub the face with it; and again wash with warm water. Repeat this many times until the face returns to its original colour."

The sumptuary laws cited by the *Osservatore Fiorentino* are as follow:—

"1st. It is forbidden for any unmarried woman to wear pearls or precious stones, and the married dames may only wear ornaments of the value of forty golden florins at any one time.

"2nd. In the week preceding a wedding

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

neither bride nor bridegroom may ask to dinner or supper more than four persons, not appertaining to the house.

"3rd. The brides who desire to go to church on horseback may do so, but are not to be accompanied by more than six women attendants.

"4th. On the marriage day only sixteen women may dine in the bridegroom's house, six of the bride's family and ten of the bridegroom's, besides his mother, his sisters, and his aunts.

"5th. There may only be ten men of the family, and eight friends; boys under fourteen do not count.

"6th. During the repast only three musicians and singers are to be allowed.

"7th. The dinner or supper may not consist of more than three solid dishes, but confectionary and fruit *ad libitum*.

"8th. The bride and bridegroom are allowed to invite two hundred people to witness the signing of the contract before the celebration of the marriage."

These laws, however, appear to have been of little use, to judge by the representation of the marriage procession of Boccaccio degli Adimari on the *cassone*, or marriage-chest, the painted front of which is now in the Accademia delle Belle Arte, at Florence. Men and women magnificently clad are walking hand in hand, under a canopy of red and white damask, supported by poles, and stretched from the lovely little Loggia del Bigallo, past Lorenzo Ghiberti's famous doors of the baptistry of San Giovanni, to the corner of Via de' Martelli. The trumpeters of the Republic sit on the steps of the Loggia, blowing their golden trumpets ornamented with square flags, on which is emblazoned the lily of the city of Florence. Pages in gorgeous clothes, and carrying gold and silver vases on their heads, are passing in and out of one of the Adimari palaces. A man behind the musicians holds a flask of wine in his hand, just the same flask as one sees now in daily use in Tuscany. The ladies have head-dresses like large turbans; one is made of peacock feathers, and all are sparkling with jewels.

Funerals were also a great source of show and splendour in those days, and their cost increased rapidly. In 1340 the funeral of Gherardo Baroncelli cost

only two hundred golden florins, and about the same time that of Giotto Peruzzi five hundred; whereas, in 1377, the expenses for the burial of Monaldo Alberti di Messer Niccolao d'Jacopo degli Alberti amounted to three thousand golden florins, nearly five thousand pounds.

The following details of this magnificent affair, from the manuscript of Monaldi, may interest the curious reader:—

"Monaldo Alberti di Messer Niccolao d'Jacopo degli Alberti, died on the 7th August, 1377; he passed for the richest man, as regards money, in the country. He was buried on the 8th August, in Santa Croce, with great honour of torches and wax candles. The funeral car was of red damask, and he was dressed in the same red damask, in cloth and in cloth of gold. There were eight horses, one decked with the arms of the people, because he was a cavalier of the people; one with the arms of the Guelphs, because he was one of their captains; two horses were covered with big banners, on which were emblazoned the Alberti arms; one horse had a pennant, and a casque and sword and spurs of gold, and on the casque was a damsel with two wings; another horse was covered with scarlet, and his rider had a thick mantle of fur, lined; another horse was undraped, and his rider wore a violet cloak lined with dark fur.

"When the body was removed from the arcade of the house, there was a sermon; seventy-two torches surrounded the car, that is to say, sixty belonging to the house, and twelve to the Guelph party. A large catafalque was all furnished with torches of a pound weight; and the whole church, and the chief chapels towards the centre of the church, were full of small torches of half a pound weight, often interspersed with those of one pound. All the relations, and those of close parentage with the house of Alberti, were dressed in blood-red; and all the women who belonged to them, or had entered the family by marriage, wore the same colour. Many other families were in black. A great quantity of money was there to give away for God, &c. Never had been seen such honours. This funeral cost something like three thousand golden florins."

The Medici made no attempt to control this splendour; indeed, one of Lorenzo the Magnificent's favourite sayings was, *Pane e feste tengon il popol quieto* (Bread and shows keep the people quiet). Cosmo the First had a passion for jousts and games of all sorts; ballets on horseback and mas-

querades; these were generally held in the Piazza Sta. Croce. The masquerade, in 1615, to celebrate the arrival of Ubaldo della Rovere, Prince of Urbino, has been engraved by Jacques Callot, and was called the War of Love. First came the chariot of Love, surrounded with clouds, which opened showing Love and his court. Then came the car of Mount Parnassus with the Muses, Paladins, and famous men of letters. The third was the chariot of the Sun, with the twelve signs of the zodiac, the serpent of Egypt, the months and seasons; this chariot was surrounded by eight Ethiopian giants. The car of Thetis closed the procession, with Sirens, Nereids, and Tritons, and eight giant Neptunes, to represent the principal seas of the world.

Ferdinand the Second also delighted in these shows, and several held during his reign have been engraved by Stefano della Bella and Jacques Callot.

Princess Violante of Bavaria, who came, in 1689, to marry Ferdinand, son of Cosmo the Third, was received with great splendour. She entered Florence by the Porta San Gallo, where a chapel had been erected on purpose to crown her as she crossed the threshold of the city. The princess then seated herself on a jewelled throne, and was carried into the town under a canopy borne by a number of youths, splendidly dressed, and chosen for their beauty and high birth. After a solemn thanksgiving in the cathedral she was escorted to the Pitti Palace by the senate and the chief people of the city. The carnival feasts that year were more magnificent than usual in her honour.

T. Rinnucini, writing to a friend in the beginning of the seventeenth century, gives the following quaint account of a wedding in his own family:—

"When the alliance was arranged, we went in person to all our near relatives, and sent servants to those of remoter kin, to give notice of the day on which the bride would leave our house in her bridal attire; so that all relations down to the third degree might accompany her to mass. At the house door we found a

company of youths, the *seraglio*, as we say, who complimented my niece, and made as though they would not allow her to quit the house until she bestowed on them rings or clasps, or some such trinkets. When she had, with infinite grace, given the usual presents, the spokesman of the party, who was the youngest, and of high family, waited on the bride, and served her as far as the church door, giving her his arm. After the marriage we had a grand banquet, with all the relations on both sides, and the youths of the *seraglio*, who, in truth, have a right to be present at the feast."

In other descriptions of marriages about the same time, we read that during the banquet a messenger sought audience of the bride and presented her with a basket of flowers, or a pair of scented gloves sent by the *seraglio*, together with the rings, clasps, or other ornaments she had given them on leaving her father's house. The bridegroom, according to his means, gave the messenger thirty, forty, fifty, or even, if very rich, a hundred *scudi*, which the youths spent in a great feast to their companions and friends, in a masquerade, or some such entertainment.

The marriage ring was given on another day, when there was a feast of white confectionary, followed by dancing, if the size of the house permitted it. Otherwise the company played at *giulè*, a game of cards no longer known; the name being derived, says Salvini, from the coin called *giulio*, worth fifty-six *centimes*, which was placed in a plate in the middle of the table as the stake.

At the beginning of the feast the names of the guests were read out according to their different degrees of parentage, so that all might find their places without confusion.

The bride's dower was carried in procession to the bridegroom's house, in the *cassoni*, or marriage-chests, which varied in splendour according to the riches of the family. Some were of carved wood, some inlaid, others covered with velvet ornamented with richly gilt ironwork, and the finest of all were painted, often by famous artists, with the deeds of the ances-

tors of the family. The great luxury consisted in fine linen; "twenty dozen of everything," was the rule in those days, which is still adhered to among old-fashioned people in Tuscany.

It was in such a marriage-chest that the beautiful Ginevra dei Benci, whose portrait exists in the fresco by Ghirlandajo in Sta. Maria Novella, hid while playing hide and seek the evening before her marriage. The *cassone* was of carved wood, and the heavy lid closed upon her, snapping the lock fast. All search for her was vain, and the old tale says that her fair fame suffered at the hands of malicious women, jealous of her exceeding beauty. Years afterwards, when the chest was forced open, the remains of the lovely Ginevra were found, still, it is said, preserving traces of beauty, and with the peculiar scent she used still lingering about her long, fair hair; in her right hand she grasped the jewel her bridegroom had given her to fasten the front of her gown. In Florence the *bella Ginevra* is still talked about among the common people, as the ideal type of woman's beauty.

All these old usages have vanished now among the gentlerfolk of Florence, but some yet linger among the *contadini*, or peasantry, who are essentially conservative, and opposed to change. Sir Henry Maine has described<sup>1</sup> a state of things among the South Slavonians and Rajpoots which is curiously like the life of the Tuscan *contadino* of the present day.

The house community of the South Slavonians despotically ruled by the paterfamilias; and the house-mother, who governs the women of the family, though always subordinate to the house-chief, is almost a counterpart of the primitive custom still prevailing in Tuscany, and doubtless existing in the days of the gallant youths and fair ladies we have mentioned above.

In all dealings of the *contadini* with strangers the *capoccio*, or head-man, represents the family, and his word or signature binds them

all collectively. He administers the family affairs, and arranges what work is to be done during the day, and who is to do it. No member of the family can marry without his consent, ratified by that of the *padrone*, or landlord, and he keeps the common purse. On Saturday night the men state their wants to him, and he decides whether they are reasonable, and above all whether the family finances permit their realisation. The rule of the *capoccio* is extremely despotic, for I have known the case of an old man, the uncle of the head-man, being kept for some time without his weekly pittance for buying snuff as a punishment for disobeying an order.

The dignity of *capoccio* is hereditary and generally goes to the eldest son, although it happens that he may be passed over, and an uncle or a younger brother chosen to fill the position, by the *padrone*, to whom the *capoccio* is responsible for the behaviour of the rest of the family. Should he fall hopelessly ill, the family inform the *padrone* in an indirect way, who suggests to the head-man that he should abdicate; but in this case, and indeed whenever it is practicable, the choice of the successor is left to the *capoccio* himself, in order to maintain the dignity of the position.

The *massaia*, or house-mother, is generally one of the oldest women in the house; often the mother or the wife of the head-man, but occasionally of more distant kin. She retains the post until her death, and rules over the women, keeping the purse for the smaller house expenses, such as linen, clothes for the women, pepper, salt, and white rolls for the small children. All these are bought with the proceeds of the work of the women themselves, which includes the care of the silkworms, of the poultry, if they are permitted by the landlord to keep fowls, and the straw-plaiting, which is universal in the lower Val d'Arno. The girls, from the age of fourteen, are allowed a certain time every day to work for their dowry, generally in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> In the 'Nineteenth Century' Magazine, December, 1877.

A bride brings into her husband's house a bed, some linen, a *cassone*, her personal clothes, and a *rezzo*, a necklace of several strings of irregular pearls, costing from five to a hundred pounds, according to the wealth of her father, or the amount she has been able to earn. The *rezzo* always represents half the dowry, and those who are too poor to buy pearls get a necklace of dark red coral.

After a due course of courtship—during which the young man visits his *innamorata* every Saturday evening and on holidays, bringing her a flower, generally a carnation, or a rose in the summer months, and improvising (if he can) *terze* or *ottave* rhymes in her honour, which he sings as he nears the house—the *capoccio* dons his best clothes, and goes in state to ask the hand of the girl for his son, brother, nephew, or cousin, as it may be. When the affair is settled, after much talking and gesticulation, like everything else in Tuscany, a *stimatore* or *savio*, an appraiser or wise-man, is called in, who draws up an account of all the bride's possessions. This paper, duly signed and sealed, is consigned to the *capoccio* of the bridegroom's house, who keeps it carefully, as should the young man die without leaving children, the wife has a right to the value of all she brought into her husband's house. If there are children the *capoccio* is the sole guardian, and he administers their property for them, unless the mother has reason to think him harsh or unfaithful, when she may call for a *consiglio di famiglia*, or family council, who name two or more administrators.

A widow may elect to remain in her adopted family and look after her children, who by law belong to the representative of their father; or she can leave her children and return to her own people if they are able and willing to receive her, which is not often the case, as in Tuscany the *contadini* marry their children by rotation, so that often the younger sons or daughters have to wait for years, until the elder are settled in

life. It would be an unheard of thing for a younger daughter to marry before her elder sister.

Second marriages of widows with children are rare, as the woman would seldom be allowed to bring her children by the first husband into the house, and the folk-songs and proverbs are condemnatory of the practice:—

*Quando la capra ha passato il poggio non si ricorda più del figliuolo.* (When the she-goat has crossed the hillock she forgets her young.)

*Dio ti guardi da donna due volte maritata.* (God preserve thee from a twice married woman.)

*Quando si maritan vedove, il benedetto va tutto il giorno per casa.* (When widows marry, the dear departed is all day long about the house.)

*La vedovella quando sta'n del letto,  
Colle lagrime bagna le lenzuola;  
E si rivolta da quel altro verso;  
Accanto ci si trova la figliola,  
O figlia mia, se tu non fossi nata,  
Al mondo mi sarei rimaritata.*

(The widow lying in her bed,  
With tears bedews the sheets;  
And turns round to the other side,  
Where her daughter is.  
Oh, my daughter, dear, if thou hadst not been born,  
I should have found another husband in this world.)

After seven years of age the children are by law allowed to choose with whom they will live, and I have known some cases of children leaving their mother and coming of their own accord to their uncle or grandfather, begging to be taken into the paternal house.

When a marriage is settled, the family of the bride invites the *capoccio* and the bridegroom to dinner, to meet all her relations. This is called the *impalmamento*, and many toasts are drunk to the health of the young couple. It is considered highly improper for the bride to visit her future home, and even in her walks she takes care to avoid it. The other members of her family may visit it, but she would be dishonoured for ever if she went near her bridegroom's house.

The peasantry now almost univer-

sally observe the new law of civil marriage, but they still regard it as a mere form and look on the religious ceremony as the important thing. The civil marriage is often celebrated three or four days before the religious service, and the girl goes quietly home to her father's house until the day fixed for the latter.

In some parts of the Val d'Arno the custom of being married after sundown prevails, and the bride wears a black dress, with a white bonnet or cap and white gloves, while, even in winter, a fan is an indispensable adjunct to her costume. Bridesmaids are unknown, as no unmarried girl is ever present at a marriage. The bride is attended to church by her father and mother, and her male and married female relations. The bridegroom's mother, or the *massaia* of his house, stays at home to welcome her new daughter, whom she meets on the threshold of the house with *il bacio di benvenuto* (the kiss of welcome). At the dinner or supper, as the case may be, everybody in turn makes a *brindisi* to the young couple. The female relations of the bride do not go to this dinner, and she makes up a basket of eatables to send home by one of the men.

During the first week of her marriage the bride is expected to be up before any one else, to light the fire and prepare coffee for the men before they go into the fields, and to cook the hot meal either at noon or in the evening, to show that she is a good housewife.

On the first Sunday or holiday following the wedding the mother and sisters of the bride come to see her, and the following week some of the family of the bridegroom accompany him and his young wife to her old home, where they dine; and this closes the festivities.

It occasionally happens that a family of peasants, living in the same house and originally nearly related, in the lapse of years lose relationship so completely that they might intermarry, but such a thing very rarely happens.

I know a family of twenty-seven who are three distinct branches of the same family, but whose relationship dates back more than a hundred years. They, however, regard each other as of one family, and implicitly obey the *capoccio*, who is a comparatively young man.

The *mezzeria* or *métayer* system generally prevailing in Tuscany induces a patriarchal feeling between landlord and peasant, which is very pleasant to see, but is not conducive to agricultural progress, or a good thing for the landlord. He pays all the taxes to government, which are enormous; he provides the house rent free, and keeps it in repair; he buys the oxen, cows, and horses, bearing half the loss if they die, and of course getting half the profit when they are sold. The peasant gives his labour, the landowner gives the land and the capital, and the proceeds are divided between them. In bad years the landlord advances corn to his peasants, which they repay when they can, in wine, oil, beans, &c. Where there is a large family of young children the peasant sometimes accumulates a load of debt that cripples him for years; in rare instances the landlord turns him out at six months' notice, and puts another family on the farm; but as a rule the peasants remain for generations on the same property, and always talk of themselves as the *gente* (people) of their landlord.

The English farmer does not exist in Tuscany; none of the peasants have enough capital to lease land, and if they had they would not do it, being so much better off under the *mezzeria*. If a peasant leased a farm he would probably starve in a bad season, instead of tiding it over as he now does by the *padrone's* help.

The small proprietors are gradually disappearing in Tuscany; they cannot pay the enormous taxes and live. One never takes up a newspaper without seeing a list of small proprietors whose *poderi* are for sale, by order of the *esattore* or tax-gatherer. The Tuscans are a gentle and long-suffering

people, but such a condition of things produces a vast amount of discontent and hatred of the government, and destroys a valuable class of trustworthy, orderly citizens.

When a *contadino* is sent away, he occasionally finds a new *poderi*, but most commonly sinks in the social scale and becomes a *bracciante* or day labourer, when his lot is miserable enough. The usual wage in Tuscany is one franc, twelve centimes, about elevenpence a day. The day's work begins at sunrise and lasts till sunset, with half-an-hour's rest for breakfast at eight in the morning and one hour for lunch at midday. In the great heat of summer the midday rest is prolonged, and the men come earlier and go away later from their work. When the weather is bad they are days without employment; and where there are many small children, the family is often at starvation point. The women in the lower Val d'Arno are universally occupied in straw plaiting, and if very expert can, in exceptional years, and for a short time, gain as much as twopence a day. But fashion is always changing, and new plaits have to be learned, so that the average gain rarely exceeds twenty *centimes*, or twopence a day. When the Japanese rush hats came into fashion, there was very great misery among all the poor plaiters, as Leghorn straw hats were almost unsaleable.

Going out to service is looked upon as a degradation among the Tuscan peasantry, and when you find a woman of that class in service she is certain to be either a childless widow, a burden on her own family and unkindly treated by the relatives of her late husband, or a girl who has not been allowed to marry as she wished. The *contadino* almost invariably chooses a wife in his own class, generally from a neighbouring family. Favourite proverbs among the peasants are—

*Donne e buoi de' paesi tuoi.* (Women and oxen from thine own country.)

or

*Chi di lontano si va a maritare, sarà ingannato o vuol ingannare.* (He who seeks a wife from a distance will be deceived, or attempts deception.)

You will seldom find a peasant above thirty who can write and read, though some have learnt to sign their names in a sort of hieroglyph. The rising generation are being instructed in a desultory manner, and are wonderfully quick at learning. Every man in the army is forced to learn under penalty of being kept in the ranks until he can read, write, and cipher decently well; so that one may say that the army is one vast school. The conscription is, however, a very heavy tax, particularly on the agricultural population, and entails great misery. The loss, for three years, of the son, who in many cases is the chief bread-winner for his younger brothers and sisters, or for an invalid father, often reduces the family to beggary. I need not add that the loss to the country is enormous.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the army is the great, and probably the only, method of gradually fusing the different Italian races—I had almost said nationalities. Since the Middle Ages the hatred between not only the different provinces, but between the towns and even the smallest villages, has always existed, and is still extremely strong. An Italian seldom, if ever, in Italy at least, talks of himself as an Italian. He is a Neapolitan, a Tuscan, a Piedmontese, a Roman, or a Lombard; and each province thinks that it has the monopoly of honesty, truth, and exemption from crime. All this will, no doubt, pass when education has had time to influence the lower classes; and then also the quaint manners and customs I have attempted to describe will disappear, like the costume of the peasants, which now lingers on only in the meridional provinces.

JANET ROSS.